THE

Abdicated Prince:

OR, THE

ADVENTURES of FOUR YEARS.

A

Tragi-Comedy,

As it was lately Acted at the Court at

ALBA REGALIS,

By several Persons of Great Quality.

——Nec Lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

LONDON

Printed for *John Carterson*, 1690.

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OR, THE

ADVENTURES of FOUR YEARS.

A

Tragi-Comedy,

As it was lately Aded at the Court at

ALBA REGALIS,

Sapientiæ Decus et Gratia Cunctis.

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Ab32
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LONDON

Printed for John Carter, 1690.

THE Actors Names.

The MEN.

Cullydada, King of *Hungaria Nova.*

Philanax, his true Friend and Counſellor, but out of Favour.

Philodemus, Duke of *Monumora*, the Darling of the People.

Pietro, a ſly malicious Villain; a Renegado Chriſtian, and turn'd a Mahometan Prieſt, chief Favourite of the Kings, and a Mortal Enemy to the *Hungarians.*

Count *Dadamore*, a ſpecial Favourite of the Queens, an *Italian* by Birth, and ſent on a Secret Meſſage by the *Mufti* to the *Hungarian Court.*

Barbaroſſa, Chancellor of *Hungaria*, a bloody-minded Villain, and Enemy to the Chriſtians.

Warranto } Two Creatures of the Chancellors, rais'd
Diſpenſo } on purpoſe to ruine the Laws and Liberties of the *Hungarians.*

Remarquo,

Remarquo, an Honest *Hungarian*; a deep Observer of the Court Intrigues, who by a Witty sort of Buffoonry picks out and discovers all their Plots and Contrivances.

Sentinels, Rabble, Messengers, Country-People, Officers.

The WOMEN.

Hautefelia, *Queen* of *Hungary*, a proud imperious bloody-minded Woman, sworn Enemy to the Christians of *Hungary*, in Love with Count *Dadamore*.

Mazeto, Marchioness of *Bulgaria*, chief Confident of *Hautefelia*.

Sycophante, *Countess* of *Shambrogue*, and Favourite of *Hautefelia*.

Celia, Midwife to the *Queen*.

Secretta, Nurse to the *Queen*.

THE

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Curtain being drawn, the King and Queen are discover'd within the Scenes, rising as it were from a private Banquet, and advancing forward on the Stage. The Queen begins.

Queen. NOW the great Business of my Life is over;
That clogg to all my *Cullidada*'s hopes,
That still kept down and aw'd my aspiring heart,
Is now remov'd with silence and with safety:
And now my active free-born Soul's at liberty.
Yes, *Cullidada*, he is gone indeed;

But you muſt needs confeſs with gratitude
My active prompting Tongue did firſt inflame
Thy ſhrinking Soul with courage and with reaſon.
Time and Intemperance, thou'dſt often ſay,
Will ſoon perform (and that without our Crime)
The utmoſt of our Wiſhes and Deſires:
But ſtill thou would'ſt forget the falling ſnow
That then in flakes lay thick upon thy head,
Which the faint warmth, alas! of thy chill'd ſpirits
Will ne're, I fear, be able yet to thaw;
And would'ſt thou not my *Cullidada* grieve?
Nay, if (as our moſt holy Prophet tells us)
There's ſenſe of pain and pleaſure after death,
Would it not make thy Paradiſe a Hell,
To ſee thy vaſt ambitious Soul ſhrink back,
And skulk and heard with the ignoble crowd
Of uncrown'd Heads.
I grant indeed that Nature do's encroach,
And ſometimes would confine our Appetites;
Honour, Religion, Friendſhip too ſometimes
(Thoſe bugbears of the crafty Prieſt's creation)
Will needs intrude to regulate our Fancies;
But theſe, alas, were at the firſt deſign'd
To influence the crowd, and to amuſe
The giddy Rabble, while the King goes free,
And acts according to his inclination.
Tell me, did e're the *Mufti*, (our High Prieſt,)
When any powerful Monarch did demand
Even what the moſt licentious would forbear,
Provided always it did not detract
From his own Glory, Intereſt and Power;
Tell me, I ſay, did ever he refuſe,
Or with a tardy niggard hand ſend back
His Bulls, Indulgences, and Diſpenſations?
From this it follows, what the Monarch Wills,
Is Law and Equity of courſe.

King.

King. Well *Hautefelia*, I muſt praiſe thy care
To make my Crown ſit eaſie on my head;
But I confeſs it ſomething puzzles me,
(And yet I want not Heart or Reſolution)
To think in what a world of difficulties
We ſtand engaged.
'Tis true, the glorious luſtre of a Crown,
Which by the eaſie temper of my Brother
I grew acquainted and familiar with,
Did ſo awaken my ambitious thoughts,
And rais'd ſuch murmuring conteſts in my breaſt,
As made me at the laſt become his Rival:
Then as two Friends, who when they have agreed
To ſhare the pleaſures of a beauteous Miſtreſs,
Do yet with jealous eyes attend and watch,
Each fearing and ſuſpecting partial Favours;
So I began to blame my unjuſt Fortune
That by a trick of Elderſhip had given
What my bold Genius told me I deſerv'd,
Nay, and deſerv'd alone.
Then ſtill as my diſlike grew on, the faults
And weakneſs of my Rival, (as I thought)
Encreas'd and multipli'd.

Qu. 'Tis well, you ſay
You ſaw theſe faults, and yet could tamely ſtand
And wait the formal ſtroak of tedious time,
E're boldly graſp at what you thought your due.

Enter Pietro, Barbaroſſa, *at one door*,
Remarquo *at another.*

K. Yet, *Hautefelia*, I in time grew wiſe
And nick'd the happy Minute ——
With thy bold Counſels, and my own Ambition
Prompted, I made a quick advance,
Did I not *Barbaroſſa?*

Barb. Why truly Sir, by the neatneſs of the Contrivance, and quickneſs in the Execution, a body would think your Majeſty was no Learner in the trade of packing off Elder Brothers.

K. You know the manner, ſo I'le hold my Tongue.

Remarquo, [*aſide.*] Oh had reſtraining Providence ſo held your hand! May it pleaſe your Majeſty to hear your eſt old Servant ſpeak a word or two?

K. Speak on.

Rem. I have a ſcurvy Brother, who in a ſmall diſpute about Priority, even in my Mothers Belly, gave me a ſwinging box on the Ear, before I was aware, and by the advantage of that blow ſlipt into the World before me, and enjoys three thouſand a Year in my prejudice; nay, though he has had the Ptyſick, and labour'd under a Conſumption theſe fourteen Years, has neither Chick nor Child, and can't ſpend the Tithe of his Rents, yet he won't give me a farthing to maintain me, and would as ſoon invite a Captain and his Troop to free-quarters in his Houſe as me to take ſhare of a Bottle of his Wine, or a Chriſtmaſs-dinner: Now Sir, here are your Chancellour and Confeſſor, two Perſons of *notorious Conſcience* and Piety, they underſtand my Caſe, and I begg your Majeſties favourable determination. [*Here* Barb. *and* Pietro *ſhuffle up in haſt to* Remarq. *and both whiſper him.*

Barb. Sir, I know your Caſe very well, and if you would bring it before me, I ſhould bring your Brother to reaſon; three thouſand a Year, ſay you, and ſo inhumane to his only Brother? but I will be your Friend, not that I expect to be much a gainer, though I confeſs it will be a troubleſome point: Three thouſand a Year, ſaid he, [*aſide this*] A Man might pick up a handſome Portion for his Daughter out of it, and egad we muſt provide for thoſe of our Houſhold, as they ſay.

Pietro to *Rem.* [*aſide.*] Sir, your Caſe appears hard and difficult, but I could put you into preſent enjoyment of two thirds of it, if I could be ſure of the other.

K.

K. Well Gentlemen, you muſt be kind to our old Servant, I know him honeſt. [*Exit* King, Queen, *with* Barb. Pietro, *manet* Remarquo.

Remarq. Now have I brought my ſelf into a fine Præmunire, I have given them a hint of three thouſand a Year, and I ſhall have them as troubleſome to me as a hungry Kite to a brood of young Chickens: Oh! how they catch'd at the word, before it was well out of my mouth; and o' my Conſcience will quarrel about the Dividend, though I have no more an Eſtate to lay claim to, than they have a ſtock of Conſcience or Honeſty: I ſpoke to fathom his dealing with his Brother, who is more than ſuſpected to have had foul Play ſhown him; and though Men of leaſt Conſcience are commonly moſt quick of apprehenſion, yet for ought I could perceive they ſtumbled at my Parable, which I am glad of: Diſcretion muſt be the badge of my office, and Diſſimulation the dark Lanthorn to guide me.

And ſure 'tis an excuſable deceit,
Diſſembling to do good does ſanctifie the cheat.

SCENE II.

Enter Queen *and* Mazato *talking.*

Qu. Thou always bring'ſt me ſome good News or other,
I fear'd that Cloud that for ſome Years ago
Hung on the haughty proud *Hungarian*'s brow
Would ended in a Storm, but now I ſee
The ſun-ſhine of our better Fortune has
Diſpell'd thoſe noiſome Vapours that did threaten us.
But tell me, dear *Mazato*,
Does not the freſh remembrance of a Prince
That ſometime was the darling of their hearts
Looſen their Tongues, and raiſe their poyſon'd Venom?

How

How do they take his loſs?

Maz. Then to be plain, if he had dy'd ſeven Years ago, half the Women in the Town had run mad for him, but of late years theſe plaguy Politicians have kept ſuch a pother about Sham-Plots, private Leagues, and a deal of ſuch ſtuff, and going home to their Wives have told ſuch lamentable ſtories of him as quite turn'd their Hearts againſt him; and your Majeſty knows poor ſilly Women are apt to believe any thing, God help them.

Qu. But dear *Mazato*, tell me how they like
This taſt of Government from *Cullidada*;
Methought their ſhouts went up unanimous,
Their Joys exceſſive, and their Welcoms hearty,
(As if the Memory of all paſt quarrels
Had been no more)
When we aſcended the Imperial Throne
All Innocent, and all divine they cry'd,
As if that ſaying were prophetical,
That Crowns wipe off all ſtains.

M. Yes, yes,
Like Spaniels, while at diſtance they behold
The awful frown of their incenſed Maſter,
They'l cringe and creep to their acknowledg'd Duty:
Yes, yes, the *Hungarians* are all Obedience.

Qu. 'Tis well, and much agrees with our deſigns,
And yet my boading Soul foretells
There's ſomething wanting to compleat my bliſs.

[*Here the Queen ſits down in a Chair muſing.*

M. Now have I a months mind to be gueſſing what this can be: Stay, I ſhall judge by my own wants: Well, [*She muſes and ſhruggs.* the firſt Happineſs a body would wiſh for is a guilt Coach and ſix, to whisk thorough the City on a State-day, and make the Ladys teeth water in the Balconies; but hang it, ſhe has that already, and ſo have I, ſo that can't be it: Well then, [*She muſes again.* let me ſee, Money I have enough, and fine Cloaths, and ſo has ſhe, though to ſpeak the plain truth, I believe her Majeſty's Name,

as

as well as mine is upon many an honeſt poor Citizens Tally. Now ſorrow take me if I can hit it, unleſs it be — [*ſhe pauſes a while*] Oh! what a Jade was I to miſs the main point! Give me leave Madam, I have found out your Majeſties want; Oh that I ſhould forget my dear *Tommy!* well, he was a ſweet Lad, Madam, ſo good Company, and efack a Man of buſineſs, ay, ay, *Tommy*, efack I would have *Tommy* of all things in the World; I knew I could give a gueſs at your Majeſties meaning. [*running up to the Queen.*

Qu. Why how now *Mazato*, thou doſt ſurely rave.

M. Nay, but I humbly begg your Majeſties Pardon, I have been your Majeſties faithful Subject and Servant a long time, and I would not tell your Majeſty a lye for the World; when ever I think of my dear *Tommy*, 'tis a ſort of Hell to want him; to be ty'd to an old Man that ſpends the beſt part of his Life in ſupping of Caudles, and ſweating in Flannel, that has a good Diſh of Meat before him, and has hardly the ſtrength to ſay Grace to it; to go to Bed before Starr-light, and lye 'till high Noon, and all the while lye as ſtill as if you had drank Opium; and if the fit took you, and you reſolved to be merry, the greateſt Comfort you could have would be to dance to the Muſick of his Noſe: This is intolerable.

Qu. Oh! prithee ſtop *Mazato*, thou haſt touch'd me to the quick; ſure nothing but experience could ſo well delineate the Torments of uneaſie Wedlock, and yet thou haſt only touch'd my ſmalleſt ſore: Oh! my *Mazato*, ——

Let thy more active Fancy paint
What my unapter Tongue can ne're expreſs,
Suppoſe the ſorrow of ſome ſleeping Miſer,
Who when his airy Fancy in a Dream
Has ſhown him mighty heaps of wiſh'd for Treaſure,
With greedy haſt purſues the pleaſing Object,
And with a murmuring fearful Joy approaching,
Has ſtretch'd his longing Arms, thinking to graſp it;
When lo his waking faculty returns,

(The

(The Sun that diſſipates his golden miſt)
And all his Joys, like ſome enchanted Caſtle vaniſh;
Such is, my Dear, thy *Hautefelia*'s Caſe,
So tranſitory are the hopes I build on,
The pleaſing Viſion which did ſo rejoyce,
Which ſhew'd me Mountains of delight and eaſe,
Mountains, *Mazato*, that like little Worlds
Seem'd ſolid and immoveable, —
Is paſt, *Mazato*, * — is it not? — [* *ſhe muſes a little.*

Ma. Now let me be far enough, Madam, but you muſt give me leave to tell you, your Majeſty raves, as you call it: Paſt, ſay you? in the Name of *Mahomet*, what is paſt? I'le fetch it again if it be above ground, I'le warrant you. But by [*aſide.*
the by, now I think on it, I wiſh my Commendation of honeſt *Tommy* has not got me a Rival; come, come, let me tell you, Queens are fleſh and blood as well as other Women, and as high as her Majeſty looks, I caught her gnawing the ſheets t'other day, and that is a ſhrewd ſign, let me tell you.

[*Queen muſing.*

Qu. Doſt mock me *Mazato?* [Sycophante *and Count* Dadamore *appear at the door.*

Syc. to *Da.* My Lord, I'le ask your Lordſhips Pardon, 'till I acquaint her Majeſty with your Attendance.

Da. I wait with Impatience.

Enter Sycophante.

Syc. Ha! Muſing? Well, I ſhall quickly put her out of her dumps; this Count *Dadamore* is the ſpark ſhe has ſo [*aſide.*
often told me of, now he is come with abundance of buſineſs, and I'le warrant it private enough; or to ſpeak it in other words, he has writ her a *Billet Deux*, and for the better ſecurity has brought it himſelf: Well, I'le e'ne do as I would be done by; bring 'em well together, make my honours, and ſhut the door after me, and when her Majeſty crys out, I'le come in and ſee fair play. May it pleaſe [*making up to the Queen.*
your

your Majesty, Count *Dadamore* waits at the door, and beggs the honour of kissing your Majesty's hand.

Qu. Conduct him in with speed. [*Ex.* Syc.

Qu. Now Honour, Virtue, Modesty defend me;
For this is he, *Mazato*, this is he
That by some strange mysterious art
Has taken all my senses captive,
Retire in pitty, dear *Mazato*, do,
And covet not to see thy Sex's weakness:
No, stay, and see that lovely charming Man,
And praise the judgment of my well laid choice.

Enter Count Dadamore *and* Sycophante.

Da. It were a Crime to think, Illustrious Queen,
The small addition of a trifling Crown
Can make a change in *Hautifelia*'s breast,
Who stood before in Natures Roll of Worthies,
The first and chief.
'Tis in this Faith the happy *Dadamore*
Amongst the croud of your admiring Slaves
Beggs leave to kneel, and pay his adoration. [*Ex.* Syc.

Qu. Rise noble Count, and think the *Hungarian* Crown
Shall ne're make us forget our Friends or you.

Ma. [*aside.*] A good sturdy Fellow efack, he has shoulders so like my *Tommy*, I'le warrant him no flincher: See what a Nose he has, true *Roman* efack, I'le be hang'd but he brought that Nose with him, on purpose to delude the poor Women here, an arch Wagg, he knew what would please our *Hungarian* Ladies; No, no, that Nose never fails.

Da. Oh! my prophetick fears; how coldly she spoke. [*aside.*
I can't suppose impossibilities, [*to the Queen.*
The brave and generous by nature act
With decent courtesie to all alike,
And common gratitude obliges all
To think with seperate kindness of their Friends;

But yet (forgive me if my just despair
Prompts me too freely to express my grief)
Those favours which your early bounty gave,
And which you often promis'd should continue,
Made me (alas! mistaken Wretch!) believe
That something more than barely *not forget*
Might be allow'd to *Dadamore* ——

Qu. Taxing my gratitude you seem to own
Your merit gain'd, those Favours which you boast,
But I shall ——

Ma. Oh, the weak Policy of Woman! that for a trifling form of Modesty can thus endure to wrack themselves and others; as if Men did not see thorough our cobweb arts of Scorn and Cruelty: Now will I be hang'd, for all her mincing, but her teeth water to be at him: And for his part, he knows her mind so well, I'le warrant him for hanging or drowning. [*aside.*

Qu. to *Maz.* You may retire, *Mazato*, while he imparts his business to us.

Ma. I am all Obedience. Did not I tell you what all these hard words would come to? I knew it by my self, for I serve my *Tommy* so now and then: We Women of Honour don't tread the honest beaten paths of Love, but by little tricks, and turnings and windings, we decoy our Gallants into the snare, and by the like tricks, when either our Fancies are pall'd, or their Courages cool'd, we let them loose, and turn 'em out again, for 'tis not the fashion to be constant. [*aside:*

[*Exit* Mazato.

Da. Might I presume to lay aside the Queen,
And with my wonted liberty approach
My generous *Hautesella*; I would ask,
From what neglect of Duty or of Love
This Cruelty and Coldness can proceed?

Qu. If noble *Dadamore* were still the same,
As when his *Hautesella* gave her heart,
The Conscience of his Merit had alla'd

All

All ſcruples that a jealous Love could raiſe,
And fix'd in that belief, could ne're ſuppoſe
She'd covet change, who by that change would loſe.

Da. Oh! ceaſe, alas! that word has puniſh'd more
Than your miſtaken Cruelty before;
I ſee with Horrour, and confeſs my Crime,
And own your Goodneſs like your Beauty infinite.

Qu. My Lord, no more, I can believe you love me, nor ſhould I bluſh to own that you are not indifferent to me; time preſſeth me, and I can ſay no more at preſent than this, that ſome important buſineſs will make me exact your Attendance very ſpeedily, in the mean time go and be diſcreet. [*Exit* Dadamore.

Queen, ſola. Who waits there?

Enter Mazato, Sycophante.

Qu. What is't a Clock *Sycophante?*

Syc. By my Eyes I ſhould gueſs 'tis almoſt Bed-time, but your Majeſty looks like a Roſe juſt waſh'd in the Morning-dew, ſo blithe, and freſh, and lively, I gueſs the Count has rejoyc'd your Majeſty with ſome good News.

Qu. Quite otherwiſe, *Sycophante*; I know not whether my Face belye my Heart, but I was never more Melancholly than now. Prithee ſing me that Song you learnt laſt, I like the humour on't.

Syc. O my Conſcience ſo do I, for I put it in practice [*aſide.* but laſt Night.

SONG.

WHY ſhould Beauty ſtand conteſting [Syc. *ſings.*
With the amorous preſſing Lover,
When the granting of the bleſſing
To her ſelf new joys diſcovers?

Let the old and ugly plead
Their fears and vain excuſes,
Beauty ſtands in no ſuch need,
And is above abuſes.

Cho. *Yield* Phyllis *then while time invites,*
And all your hopes are eaſie,
Delay in buſineſs or delights
Should never never pleaſe you.

Qu. Delay in buſineſs or delights
Should never never pleaſe you.
Seaſonable Advice, *Sycophante*, is it not?
Syc. Yes, Madam, If a body had the Will to follow it.
Qu. Ah *Sycophante*, never tax my Will,
But blame that cruel over-ruling fate,
That with an envious Induſtry oppoſes,
And barrs the progreſs of my Undertakings.
Syc. The wiſe do always govern their own fate,
And Fortune with officious Zeal attends
To crown their Enterprizes with ſucceſs;
But ſince our Holy Prophet has been pleas'd
(Wiſely foreſeeing how your pious Care
Would ſerve to re-inſtate and to improve
The falling Intereſt of his juſt Diſciples)
To fix your Majeſty in this high ſphere,
The better to enable and enlarge
Thoſe holy Reſolutions you had taken:
It would be now a ſort of Blaſphemy
Once to ſuſpect or doubt his juſt Aſſiſtance.
No, No, great Princeſs, let but your endeavours
Go on with equal Zeal and Induſtry,
And I'le engage Perfection to your Wiſhes.

Enter

Enter Remarquo *at a diſtance.*

Rem. Hum! who have we got here now? On my life [*aſide.*
her pious Majeſty, with her brace of Councellors; I'le warrant you they have no leſs buſineſs before them than building of Churches: Well, I muſt hearken, for by their whiſpering and caballing they muſt have ſome grand deſign on foot.

Qu. 'Tis true, I have it ſettled in my heart,
From whence the torturing Rack ſhould never tear it,
During the time our holy Prophet grants
To us to ſhare and fill the *Hungarian* Throne,
No means, endeavours, induſtry ſhall fail,
To extirpate the *Chriſtian* Intereſt hence,
And raiſe the *Pagans* to their former glory.

Rem. Why look ye there, what an even gueſs have I! I was ſure Religion was the main point in debate: Theſe Women are never without a ſcruple of Conſcience, though they always take care to have the ſatisfaction of committing the ſin, before ever they'l put themſelves to the trouble of diſputing the unlawfulneſs of it.

Maz. Since then your Majeſty ſtands ſo reſolv'd,
(As 'tis high reaſon that you ſhould be ſo)
What can theſe doubts or needleſs ſcruples mean?
(Forgive me if my hearty Zeal provoke
Words which my conſcious Duty ſhould forbear)
Have you .. .. now within your power to act
As even your Will ſhall prompt you?

Qu. No, *Mazaro*,
The obſtinate *Hungarians* often plead
Peculiar Laws and antient Liberties,
Which with a daring reſolution they
With *Lives and Fortunes* threaten to defend.

Maz. Prerogative and Kingly Power runs low,
When 'tis diſputed by unthinking crowds,
Or which is worſe, by haughty Sanhedrims.

Rem.

Rem. Now shall we have these two Ladies new [*aside.*
mould that Government in a moment, which has been settled
by the wisest Heads in the Kingdom for these hundred and
fifty Years.

Muz. But, Madam, grant this wild unruly Rabble
Should in a puling fit repine or murmur,
Are we so destitute of sound Advice,
Of wisely Stratagems and Policies,
As we should doubt to take this stalking Bug-bear,
Even in their own weak Snares?
Your *Cullidada*'s Predecessor knew
So well to manage even the most refin'd
Of all the Christian Herd, that singly he
Would with his Eloquence alone defeat
The united Councels of whole Sanhedrims.
'Tis known, the *Mufti*, our most Holy Father,
Has in his secret Conclave oft declar'd,
(According to our Prophets great Instructions,
As he is pleas'd to Interpret)
That for to propagate the Faith and Power,
Or to enlarge the sacred Territories
Of his most pious *Mussulmen* — No means,
Whether by breach of *Oath*, (which *silly* Christians
Account so sacred) or by the rougher Art
Of *Cutting Throats*, of *Poyson*, *Halter*, *Dagger*,
Or any other yet unthought of way:
No means, I say, though seeming barbarous,
But what by strict Anathema's declar'd
To be both good and meritorious.
And how can Royal *Cullidada* then,
Who by establish'd great Prerogative
Has, like another Deity, the Power
Of Life and Death invested in himself;
(*For, whom the King's resolv'd to ruine, who shall save?*)
How can he want, let him but have the Will,
Means to compleat your utmost Resolution?

Rem.

Rem. [*aside.*] Now I should never have wonder'd to have heard so learn'd an Harangue from *Barbaroſſa* or *Pietro*, the two *pious* Directors of our gracious King's Conſcience; but from Madam *Mazato* this, whoſe whole Diſcourſe I thought ſhould have been of nothing but *Billet Doux*, and bawdy aſſignations, indeed 'tis ſomething ſtrange! but I ſee Love-intreagues improve a body in State-politicks, as Souldiers learn the Art of War by moving and removing the Men on a Chefs-board. Well, good People of *Hungaria*, if ever you deſire to be inform'd, or are willing to be perſwaded to turn *Mahometans*, pray repair to Madam *Mazato*, and her Highneſs the Queen, they have *forcible* Arguments to induce you, and if you can prevail with your *weak* Stomachs to digeſt Halter or Faggot, they have a *flaming* Zeal to Convert you. [*aside.*

Qu. Alaſs! *Mazato*, *Cullidada*'s Will,
After ſuch ſignal proofs can ne're be doubted;
His early Care and watchful Induſtry,
To re-induce our holy Alchoran,
Has even to danger of his Crown and Life,
Made him obnoxious to the *Hungarian* Laws:
Nor has the Acceſſion to the Imperial Crown
Allay'd or cool'd his firſt determinations:
But when by indefatigable Care,
By *private Promiſes* and *publick Threats*,
By condeſcending Smiles and *Cloſetings*,
By *Judges pick'd*, and *penſion Sanhedrims*;
By private Murthers, publick Executions;
(For Obſtacles muſt be remov'd of courſe)
By breach of words, and often Perjuries;
When by theſe means and others, dear *Mazato*,
We have ſhak'd the ſure Foundations of thoſe Laws,
Which the *Hungarians* ſo much boaſt and value;
The momentary Pleaſures we ſhall reap,
Will prove no more ſubſtantial than the Dreams
Of thirſty Drunkards ——
Alas, *Mazato*, one bold ſtroke of Time

Or

Or Death, can in one moment disannull
All that our tedious Industry has gain'd,
And then how soon that fatal stroke may happen
From *Cullidada*'s growing Weaknesses
(Which like the silent steps of Midnight Thieves
Creep hourly on him) we have much more cause
To fear, than hopes to hinder: [Mazato *starts.*
Well may'st thou start to hear these frightful truths.
But what must I, *Mazato*, who must stand
And bear the test of all; unless kind Fate
And our wise *Mufti* could inculcate to us
Some more effectual Method to secure
Our Infant Projects to *Posterity.* [Mazato *shakes her head, and muses.*

Syc. Now if a body might speak plain truth to her Majesty, what a hopeful way could I put her in, and cure her of all fears and scruples.

Qu. What truth thou canst speak in this matter, *Sycophante*, relates to the good of the Publick, and therefore can't displease.

Syc. Then, Madam, with submission, I'de have you do as several of your wise Predecessors have done before. I have read of some notable Queens of *Hungaria*, as well as of other neighbouring Countries, who when their Husbands have been troubled with the Pip, like old Cocks that have lost their spurrs; or their thoughts so taken up with abstract notions of Divinity, that they have had no leisure to mind even the necessary carnal Affairs of the World; why then, mark me, these Queens fearing to lose the opportunity of having their Pictures drawn, (for that's the way that Queens transmit their memory to posterity) they have sat several times to several Limners, and so continu'd 'till the business has been done to the Life. Now, Madam, though I confess *Cullidada* has been a reputed good Painter in his time, yet now he's grown old, and his Hand shakes, his Pencil is worn, and his Eyes are bad, his Fancy pall'd, and his Colours corrupt, so that you may

may better ſit to a Sign-poſt dawber then to him; therefore Madam I adviſe you to ſend quickly for ſome of the moſt expert in the Trade; be aſſiduous and diligent; for hang me, I never grudg'd my pains ſo I could gain my ends; and in a very ſhort time you'll find a happy alteration in your Affairs.

Qu. Why thou art a rare diſcuſſer of hard Queſtions *Sycophante*; thou argueſt like a Philoſopher.

Syc. I pretend to be part of a Natural one.

Qu. But the greateſt difficulty is, to find ſome of theſe Artiſts; I know but few, and a body would not truſt to ſtrangers: They are often careleſs or ignorant; and I would not have my Buſineſs ſlubber'd over.

Maz. Well, now I hope to come in with a piece of Advice: If your Majeſty would have your Buſineſs done exactly, and to the very life, Take my *Tommy*; well he has a bold ſtroak with him; he draws all in Fleſh and Blood: *Tommy*, Madam, *Tommy* ſhould be the Man, I ſay: Though by the way, I had rather ſhe'd let him alone; for my *Tommy* has as much buſineſs with me as he can lay his hand to. [*aſide.*

Qu. No *Mazato*, I ſhould not like thy *Tommy*: He has been a long time about thee, and yet has made but a bare piece of work on't. Now Vengeance take them, if they don't gueſs better, and ſave me the trouble of naming one my ſelf. Oh! Dear *Dadamore*, haſt thou never a Friend here. [*Aſide.*

Syc. I'll name your Majeſty ſeveral, and ſo take your choice. What think you of *Pietro?* Let me tell you he has a gentile way with him, to my knowledge. [*Aſide.*

Qu. 'Tis true, I could fancy *Pietro* well enough for an after Game; [*aſide*] and indeed, for fear of the worſt, a body would have two ſtrings to ones Bow: But my Count, my Count; in Drawing, Fancy is a vaſt matter: Oh, if I were to be drawn in Fleſh and Blood, (as *Mazato* ſayes) my Count would be the Man. [*Aſide.*] No *Sycophante*, *Pietro*'s a devout Man, and concerned in the Church; he might miſtake my Minutes, and fall a Preaching up Abſtinence when I have a mind to Feaſt. No *Sycophante*, I would be upon ſure grounds; you know I have been baulkt enough already: Oh! My dear *Dadamore*. [*Aſide.*

Syc. I find her drift : [*Aside*] 'Tis certain our *Hungarians* are not so lively and brisk in their Fancies, as your *Gallo-Gracians* and *Italians*.

Qu. Oh! Your *Italians* are brave Fellows; why they are Men of an universal fancy; there's not Man, Woman, Beast or Fowl, scapes them : Nay, I have heard them say, the great *Noah* was an *Italian*, and that most of the Creatures in the Ark were of his own drawing.

Syc. Why then I have thought of an *Italian* that will fit your Majesty to an Hairs breadth.

Qu. Who prithee *Sycophante*? Who? Prithee name him my dear: Who? Who? [*She makes up eagerly*] Oh! If she should mistake me now. [*Aside.*

Syc. I hope I need go no farther than the Noble Count *Dadamore*. [Remarquo *listens, and retires to a corner.*

Qu. Oh! *Sycophante* thou hast touch'd the string that makes Harmonious Musick in my Soul.

Syc. Now this comes of Modesty : If you had spoke but half a word of this before, your business had been done by this, but since it is as it is, better late then never.

Qu. Since all our Interests are so interwoven,
Why should I doubt to tell ye my resolves?
Pietro, *Dadamore*, and you my Friends,
Do all agree that nothing but an Heir
Can fully raise and fix our just desires :
Nay, even *Cullidada* does agree
In this, and differs only in the Manner.
The *Mufti* will assist in this just Cause,
Our Neighbour Monarch presses it with Zeal,
Time, Circumstance, and Sacred Duty urge us,
And shall we now be backward to our selves?
'Tis true, since thus necessity does urge,
My *Dadamore* of all Men else I'd choose;
And my Prophetick Soul foretold success,
Even from the lucky minute of his Landing.
For then alone our Hopes do fairest stand,
When Love goes with Religion hand in hand. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The End of the first ACT. ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Remarquo *solus.*

Rem. SO ſo, we are like to have warm work on't e'faith, this late Scene of Mirth and Joy for our new King and Queen may probably prove like the laſt blaze of a Candle ſpent in the ſocket: Young *Philodemus* they ſay is Landed in the Weſt with a truſty Troop of *Myrmidons*, and ſets up for the Chriſtian Religion: Ha, ha, this Religion is the moſt quarrelſome thing in the World. There has not been a War in *Europe* this many Ages, but Religion ſtill came in for a ſhare; and Heaven knows, they that make moſt pother about it have commonly leaſt to do with it: Well, what the event may be I cannot divine; but it is certain, this young Prince carries a great ſtroke in the Peoples Hearts, though in reality, he is but Natural Son to the late King; and has no more right to the Crown of *Hungary*, than I have to be King of *Poland*; however this good may come of his Enterprize, that if he eſcapes, though he be vanquiſhed, he'll ſerve for a bridle to the exorbitant humour of our haughty ill-deſigning Queen, and to correct the weakneſs of an obſtinate bigotted King. I have heard part of her deſigns, and how to advance the *Pagan* Religion in *Hungary*, ſhe would not ſcruple to expoſe her Husbands Honour, her own Chaſtity, or the Kingdoms Welfare and Peace; but let her drive on, I have a reſerve in ſtore for her, that will make her minions ſcratch, her ſelf chafe, and *Cullidada* tremble; that will make him turn his tune of Obedience without Reſerve, and be

glad if his People will then take their own again and be quiet: But ſtay, here he comes with his Pious Chancellor and Confeſſor; he has Fire in his Eyes, and ſullen Rage in his Face; he has heard of *Monumora*'s Landing: I'll huſh, up in a corner, and hear their Conference.

Enter King, Barbaroſſa, Pietro, Philanax, *with Guards and Attendance.*

K. Well, 'tis no more then what he has threatned, and I expected; but what numbers has he with him

Pie. 'Tis certain he brought not an hundred with him, but in two days he's increaſed to three thouſand, you may ſee now the Faith and Loyalty of Chriſtians

Ph. Pietro, abuſe not the principles of Chriſtianity, for the evil practices of a few miſguided Creatures.

K. You ſpeak very tenderly of them *Philanax*, thou ſeemeſt unwilling to call them what they are, **Rebels.**

Bar. Well, from this time forward farewel Chriſtianity; they ſhall loſe a Pillar of me.

Phil. [*Aſide*] O my Conſcience, a Caterpillar both in Church and State.

Bar. Well I ſhall have the handling of ſome of them, I'll put a Collar-mark on them.

K. Have you gave Orders for raiſing the Militia: What Troops are gone down? Detach half of my own Guards, and make what haſte you can to meet them: I hear they talk big, I'll ſoon try whether Rebels Hearts are as good as their Tongues.

Pie. Do you hear *Philanax*, the King ſays you muſt give no quarter: Sir, [*he whiſpers the King.*] you may lop them off now with Conſcience and Honour, (as they have it in their Language) all that are in Arms ſhall fall of courſe, and *Barbaroſſa*, by a fetch of Law, will bring in the reſt for Abettors.

Bar. Nay, nay, I reckon I ſhall come in for the gleanings: Well my Teeth water to be amongſt them.

Enter

Enter Meſſenger.

M. God Save our Sovereign Lord the King.

K. Prithee tell me of ſaving when the Enemy's beat, what News from the Rebels?

M. Why an't pleaſe your Majeſty, they are all there together.

K. Prithee where together, how many are they, what do they do, and where's my Army? Speak to all this

M. Why then an't pleaſe your Majeſty, they are like a ſwarm of Bees; I'll warrant you they are at leaſt a Thouſand: No, no, I miſtake, they are more a huge deal; for I ſaw them, and they reach'd from one end of our great Lane to th' other, and they all ſwore, they'd fight up to the Ears in Blood for the Chriſten Religion. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Pic. This is the Chriſtians Paſſive Obedience, Sir.

Bar. Yes, yes, when they want an opportunity to get into Active Rebellion, why then they are all for Paſſive Obedience: But let but ſome fawning Nobleman, that can pull off his Hat to the Rabble, and ſhake hands with the Country Gentry at a Horſe Race; let him I ſay but repair to the Market-Croſs of ſome diſaffected Town, and make an harangue of *Liberty* and *Property*, and the Chriſtian Religion, and e'faith they'll change their tune in a moment, and like negligent School-boys when they have got into a new Leſſon, they preſently forget the old one.

K. Well *Pietro*, when this bruſh is over, I'll read 'em a Lecture of *Pagan* inſtruction:

Bar. And I'll ſee them put it in practice.

Phil. Sir let not ill inſinuating Tongues,
So far prevail upon your Royal Heart,
To make you think your Chriſtians can be falſe.
I ſaw your Troops when marching 'gainſt your Foe;
And ſaw on every Face the ſtamps of Loyalty.
Such vigorous briſkneſs in their Eyes was ſeen,

As

As when the Bridegroom haſtens to his Joys:
And as they march'd and turn'd through every ſtreet,
In loud and oft repeated Acclamations,
They cry'd, (which by the joyful people was return'd)
Let our great *Cullidada* Live and Reign,
And let his Rebels periſh.

K. Well *Philanax*, I know thou ſpeakeſt thy Love; but late experience, to my coſt, has ſhown your Chriſtians love and ſentiments of me.

Pie. Yes Sir, they ſhow'd their Zealous Loyalty, when with unheard of impudence they ſtood diſputing your *Succeſſion* to the Throne.

Bar. Yes, yes Sir, do but truſt them as your Father did, and they'll make you a **Glorious** Prince: Sir *Philanax* you do ill I muſt tell you, to plead thus for a company of Rebels; let me tell you Sir, I have had many a one *Whipt and Fined unmercifully* for leſs words than theſe: Come Sir let's have no pleading for Rebels.

Phi. Sir, when I plead 'tis for the innocent, and let the guilty ſuffer.

Bar. Sir, guilty or innocent, 'tis all one for that; if the King has a mind to puniſh them, 'tis *ill Manners* to argue againſt it.

Phi. Sir I am ſilent. O! Poor *Hungaria*, thou art like to thrive under ſuch a diſpenſer of Juſtice. [*Aſide.*] *Ex.* Phil.

Enter ſecond Meſſenger.

M. Great Sir, the Enemy in a vaſt Body are on their march, and deſign, without delay, for *Alba Regalis.*

K. How far's our Army from them?

M. Seven Leagues.

K. Pietro then make haſte, ſend to our General;
Bid him, with all the ſpeed he can, advance
And give them Battle: We muſt ſtop their progreſs,
Or they'll gather like a rowling Snow-ball. [*Ex.* Pie. Meſſ.

K. Bar-

K. Barbaroſſa you muſt alſo ſpeed,
And prepare a Proclamation of Pardon
To all that ſhall return to their Duty
Within five days.

I muſt for ſhow put on the meek Lambs skin,
But ſoon they'll feel I am Lyon all within. [*Ex.* K. Bar.

Manet

Remarquo *ſolus.*

Rem. Certainly never Man took ſuch pains to win a Kingdom, as this unhappy Prince does to loſe one: He has taken upon him to be the Father of his people; yet has ſworn in his Heart to ruine and deſtroy them: He has Apoſtatized from his Faith, and made a *ſale of his Honour*; and as it was ſaid of him before his coming to the Crown that he never broke his word: So ſince his acceſſion we may ſay, to our ſorrow, that he never kept it. His people ſet him up, though excluded by Law, and choſe rather to be guided by their love to his Family, than by the reaſonable Rules of even neceſſary Politicks; they generouſly fixed all their thoughts on the King, and never diſputed the Errours of the *Pagan*; and how well they are likely to be paid for their kindneſs, the *Queen* and *Pietro* have too lately declared: Well, they may be as extravagant as they pleaſe, but 'e fack the Reckoning muſt be paid one day.

Sure-footed Vengeance, though he moves not faſt,
Will catch th' unwary Criminal at laſt. [*Ex.* Remarq.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Duke of Monumora's *Out-Guards.*

Enter Country-Man.

First *Centinel.* Who comes there, ſtand, what are you?

Countryman. A poor Countryman that has left his Wife and ſeven Children, to come and fight with his Highneſſes Grace for the Churſten Religion, God bleſs him.

Cent. Prithee ſpeak, are you for the Chriſtian Duke of *Monumora*, or the *Pagan* King of *Hungaria.*

Countr. Udsbud he would fight for ne'r a Pagan King in *Churſtendom*, ſo he would'nt, as long as he could heave a Bill to his Shoulders: No, no, he would have no ſaying Frayers to the *Twelve Apoſtles*, and twanty more beſide. No, no, the good Wife would never let'n live in quiet, if I dud'nt fight for Prince *Philodemy* and the Churſten Religion.

Cent. Thou art one of us I ſee, come on; what Arms haſt thou brought with thee?

Coun. Slid h' has both Arms and Ammunition; Law ye, here's a good tough brown Bill, and the beſt white Loaf *Joan* e'r made in all her Life.

Cent. That's one ſort of Ammunition indeed: Come honeſt Brother, paſs; you are in the direct way to the Main-Guard, and ſo good morrow.

Enter ſecond Countryman.

Cent. Who comes there, ſtand, ſtand or I'll fire, ſtand I ſay.

Coun. What a Fool he was to make a Maun ſtand tull the Pagan Rogues come and knockn o'the head: Udsbud let'n go to the Churſten Camp, and help young *Philodemy* to thraſh thoſe Pagan Dogs: A murrain on 'em hoo can't abide 'um.

Cent. Advance, advance Brother; what Arms have you brought with you?

Count.

Count. By my faith Maun as good a Scyth as e'r mow'd Hay; udsbud hoo wull ſo maule their ſhanks; hoo wull warrant the Pagan Rogues for coming into the Weſt Country theſe twonty years again.

Cent. Well Brother you know the way, I wiſh you a good Journey.

Enter a Country-Maid *crying and running.*

Ma. Alack, alack, my poor *Jonny*; alack, alack, why wud he go to be kill'd by the ugly Pagans.

Cent. Hey day what have we here, a young Dove that has loſt her Mate, and now ſhe's a cooing after him. Well what want you, whether are you travelling ſo early.

M. Alack, did hoo ſee my poor *Jonny* away here?

Cent. What a like Man was he?

M. Ah hoo s *Jonny* was a ruddy like Maun, and hoo told me, hoo lov'd me dearly.

Cent. Come give me a good Kiſs, and I'll ——.

[*While the* Centinel *offers to kiſs the Maid, Trumpets ſound, and Drums beat; at which he ſtarts.*

Cent. Troop off, troop off, my little Doxy, *Mars* cannot be in Conjunction with *Venus* at this time.

Drums and Trumpets again. Enter Philodemus, *Officers and Souldiers on one ſide, the Rabble on the other.*

Firſt of the *Rabble.* Look, look, do's hoo ſee? Which is Prince *Philodemy*?

Second. Why yon tall Maun with the Noſe: Oh! Hoo's ſo like his Father.

Third. Why did hoo know his Father?

Second. No, know'n what then; hoo's ſure he muſt be like his Father he's ſo handſome.

Sould. Gentlemen, keep ſilence while the Prince ſpeaks.

[*The Prince beckens with his Hand, and pulls off his Hat.*

Philod. Gentlemen,

First *Rab.* Did ever hoo hear ſuch a civil, well bred Prince; why hoo call'd us all Gentlemen at the very firſt word: Well, hoo ſhall have my Vote to be King.

Philod. I am come here to fight for the Chriſtian Religion; and I hope you'll all ſtick by me.

Omnes. Yes, yes, wee'll all fight for the Churſten Religion, and Prince *Philodemy*.

Philod. Do ye love your Wives?

Rab. Yes, yes, we love our Wives as long as we can ſtand.

First *Rab.* No, no, I don't love my Wife; for I caught her a mowing with *Jacob* in the Barn, ſo I don't love my Wife, but I love the Churſten Religion and young *Philodemy*.

Philod. And you would not have them taken away, and raviſhed by the cruel Pagans.

Omnes. Udsbud, No, hoo's have many a broken head firſt.

Second *Rab.* Udsfiſh an they raviſh my Wife, hoo would *ſub pœna* 'm into the Buſhops Court, and let'n take what follows.

Philod. And you would not have your Children murthered before your faces?

Omnes. Ah lack, no, no. [*here they fall a wouling.*

Fourth *Rab.* Alack, I would not have my *Tommy* kill'd for the beſt Cow in my Landlords ſtall; ah Neighbour, you know his Godmother would a'moſt cry her Eyes out for him.

Philod. Well Gentlemen, if you have a value for your Wives, your Children and Eſtates; if you wiſh well to the Chriſtian Religion, as Eſtabliſhed by Law; if you would keep your Churches undefiled with the Heatheniſh Idolatry of the Pagans, and your Daughters with their Beaſtly Luſts; why then Gentlemen ſtick cloſe by me, and I ſhall endeavour to preſerve you in your Religion, your Laws, your Liberties, and over and above reward every one of you for your kindneſs and love to me: Therefore Gentlemen, if you do reſolve to eſpouſe this Cauſe with me, let us be reſolute and valiant, and oppoſe our Enemies to the utmoſt drop of our Blood: We ſhall not have many of theſe opportunities to do our ſelves good, therefore we muſt ſtrike now or never;

never; and indeed if we gain this, we need fear no more, our Enemies will never ſtand again, no they will run like Hares before us.

Firſt *Rabble*, Run away ſays he? Will they ſo? Udsbud then I'll be after them full drive; I always lov'd an Enemy that would run away without any more ado: Oh! I fight like a Lyon always when they run away.

Philod. Pray Gentlemen bring what Fire Arms you can with you, and I'll take care to have you Regimented and well diſciplined; and ſo I bid you heartily farewel.

Second *Rab.* But heark you me, I pray your [*the D. is going.* Worſhip one word with you before you go.

Philod. Speak Friend.

Rab. Mu'n we not be all Officers?

Offic. Oh! Yes, yes, all Officers. [*Ex.* D. *cum ſuis.*

Third *Rab.* Why then heark you me Neighbour, I'll be a Collonel; and look ye me, becauſe you are my friend, you ſhall be, [*he ſcratches*] what do'n you call that is the next Maun after me.

Fourth *Rab.* Pugh, pugh, I'll be the place of a Juſtice, law ye now.

Fifth *Rab.* Why hoo's a Fool, we mu'n be all Collonels or Captains; why there never is any Juſtice in the Kings Army.

Sixth *Rab.* Come, come, let us make our ſelves ready for theſe Pagan Rogues, and ſo let us pray, [*omnes*] God bleſs the Churſten Religion and Prince *Philodemy.* [*Exeunt Rabble.*

SCENE III.

The Scene changes to Alba Regalis.

Enter Barbaroſſa, Pietro.

Bar. No News from the Camp yet *Pietro?*

Pie. The King has not a word but that the Rebels increaſe daily: He has ſent other ſtrict orders to the General to fight them without delay.

Enter Remarquo.

Bar. 'Twas a desperate attempt of the Duke of *Monumora's* to invade a Kingdom at time of peace with so small a handful of Men.

P. He had certainly great hopes of Friends in the Country, and I begin to fear the worst.

B. Well, you and I must follow the same fate; we must stick close together.

Rem. I hope to see you close hang togther. [*aside.*] My Lord your Servant.

Bar. Honest *Remarquo* how goes it: Well I have considered your affair, and design you a kindness assoon as this plaguy business of the West is over.

R. My good Lord, your Servant thanks you; perhaps his own business may be over by that time. [*Aside.*

Piet. Well *Remarquo*, what News from the Rebels; I have not been at Court to day.

Rem. Now will I heat 'um: [*aside*] Why Sir, matters appear to be much more dangerous than we thought them at first: The Country comes in strangely to them; they all cry up for the Churstten Religion, and Prince *Philodemus*, whom they now call King. [Barbarossa *startles.*

B. Good lack *Remarquo*; but is it so?

Rem. He has put out a Proclamation of Pardon to all that will submit, with some few exceptions only; and I think he has had the Confidence to put in your Lordship and this Gentleman more for two. [Barb. *fumes and muses.*

Bar. Udslife this is very hard, to fall thus from the very prick of preferment; this must not be. [*Aside.*] [*He muses and looks hard at* Pietro.] And is the Reverend *Pietro* excepted too, 'tis unjust: Let me see, I must contrive some way or other to save my bacon; [*aside*] what if I should betray *Pietro* into the Dukes hands: [*aside*] Nay, King, Queen, all should go if I could save but *Barbarossa*, the great *Barbarossa*: I'd assoon hang as go to my old trade of Pettyfogging again. [*Aside.* *Enter*

Enter Meſſenger.

M. My Lord the King commands both your attendance.
[*Ex.* Barb. Piet.

Rem. Oh! The tortures of a guilty Conſcience.
See how he fum'd and trembled at my News:
The ſound of a Poſt-boys horn's as troubleſome
To him as that of a paſſing Bell:
And there's not a Meſſenger comes from the Camp,
But he fancies he has a preſent of a Halter to make him.
Well he has been the boldeſt Sinner that ever *Hungary* knew: For whereas moſt Vices covet to lurk under the diſguiſe of Vertues, he has made it his ſole buſineſs to expoſe his bare-faced; as if it was not ſufficient for the World to know, without they ſaw him commit them.

Yes Barbaroſſa, *I will do thee right,*
What e'r thou art, thou art no Hypocrite. [*Ex.* Remarq.

Scene the Camps.

Enter the Duke of Monumora, *leading his Army over the Stage.*

Duke. Halt; give the Word ſoftly.
Sold. Halt, halt.
Du. Gentlemen we muſt march with all the ſilence imaginable; the Night favours us, and we may take them knapping. When we come upon them, we muſt fall on without any good morrows; one hours good work and the day is our own: Bill-men ſucceed the ſhot, and fall on pell-mell; 'twill be time enough to give Quarter at Sun-riſe, when we can know who and who's together. Now march.
Sold. March, march. [*Exeunt.*

Noiſe

Noiſe of Drums, Trumpets, ſhouts, cryes of Dying Men, claſhing of Swords, &c.
Enter Officer *with* Souldiers *retreating.*

Offi. Stand, ſtand, and charge the Rogues; ſome Villain betrayed us; they were prepared for us: Come, come, charge; flying won't ſave us. [*They beat the Enemy back.*

Enter Duke of Monumora.

D. Here Collonel, take your Regiment of Firelocks; line thoſe Hedges; I'll ſtand the Body. Where's the Horſe? Here ſpeed to the Horſe, bid them charge their flanks: Charge them home brave boys. They fly, they fly. [*They beat the Enemy off again.*

Enter Soldier.

Sir provide for your ſelf: Retreat aſſoon as you can; you are betrayed: The General of the Horſe is march'd off without ſtriking a ſtroak: The Enemy are pouring in upon us, and 'twill be impoſſible to ſtand. [*The Duke ſtands amazed.*

Offi. Dear Sir make off, you'll be ſurrounded in a moment.

D. We have time enough to damn that Villain firſt,
Let him by Woman, Man, and God be curſt. [*Ex.* Duke.

Drums, Trumpets, Shouts, Acclamations of Victory Enter a few Souldiers of the Dukes, *crying, Quarter, Quarter: Purſued by Officer and Souldiers.*

Offi. Down with them, down with the Rebels.

D. Sol. Quarter, Quarter, Noble Collonel, ſpare our Lives.

Offi. Down with your Arms then, [*They throw them down.*] though you had as good be knock'd o'the head as hang'd. Here take the Rogues, tye them together, and drive 'um before you. [*Souldier, Tye 'um.*

Sol. Come march you Rebelly Dogs. *Enter*

Enter the Kings Army with Drums beating, Colours flying, Trumpets ſounding, leading their Priſoners with them: The General meets them.

Gen. Gentlemen you behaved your ſelves bravely; the King has ordered his Thanks to you, and will take care to reward you. [*Souldiers ſhout,*] *Long Live* Cullydada *King of* Hungary.

Gen. Here you Collonel, detach a Regiment of Horſe, and two of Foot, and ſcowr about the adjacent Countries for *Monumora*; he can't be got far; the King gives Five Hundred Pound to them that take him. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Duke of Monumora *ſolus, in diſguiſe.*

And art thou then that Glorious *Monumora*? [*looking on himſelf.*
Whoſe Praiſe fill'd every Tongue, touch'd every Heart:
Whoſe beck commanded the obſequious croud;
Whoſe Name, (like that of *Hannibal* to *Rome*)
Did make the proud *Hungarian* Monarch tremble:
Sure thou miſtak'ſt thy ſelf, and by ſome trick
Of wild Enchantment, thou art here deluded.
Who waits there? No Attendance? Call my Guards;
How fares the Army? Come lets charge that Flank.
Bring up the Horſe: So ho! bring up the Horſe!
Now by the Gods the Villain flyes: Oh! See the Villain!
Now *Monumora* thou haſt time to ſee [*He groans.*
The ſlippery, weak Foundation of thy Greatneſs:
That Airy Phantome of a Diadem,
Which thou with ſo much eager fondneſs ſtrove
To graſp, which coſt thee ſome whole toilſome Years;
That rob'd thee of thy Pleaſures all the day,
Thy Nights of Sleep and neceſſary Reſt:
Thou haſt ſeen it now in one poor minute vaniſh.
One Sun has ſeen thee riſe a hopeful Monarch,

And

And ſhew'd thee Mountains all of ſolid Gold:
The next has with an envious hand withdrawn,
(As new ſucceeding Kings are wont to do)
All that his Predeceſſors gave before.
Not yet five hours, and thou wer't great and good:
The Chriſtians Hope, the Pagans Fear and Terror,
Hungaria's great Defender, King, and Darling:
Now, poor forſaken Caitiff, Villain, Rebel.
Such Fortune is thy vaſt unlimited Power,
That canſt as 'twere unite even Contradictions.
In thee alone 'tis placed, to Curſe or Bleſs,
Nor Cauſe, nor Man, is good without ſucceſs.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Alba Regalis.

Enter King, Barbaroſſa, Pietro, Philanax.

King. WEll now Sir *Philanax*, I hope you'll grant,
Your Chriſtians can be Rebels, ſturdy Rebels:
Yes, yes, I am inform'd, though much o'r power'd,
By th' number of my Forces, yet they ſtood
And fought it briskly. Sure they were inſpir'd
By their Young *Dagon*.

Pic. When they first came on
In ecchoing Shouts, they thus expres'd themselves,
Long Live Hungaria's *King, Great* MONUMORA.
But your great General, who even from their Camp
Had early Notice of their dark Design,
Stood well prepar'd, and ready to receive
Their fierce Assault, and within two hours space
Quash'd and unravell'd all their long-laid Treason.
What yet remains, lies at your Royal Pleasure;
That is, the Prisoners.

Bar. If your Majesty pleases to depute me for that Business, I have a COMPENDIUS way to deal with them.

K. Your's be the Care of that, *Barbaroſſa.*

Bar. Now if I should have a queasy fit come upon me, and be Merciful, it would vex me heartily.

Ph. Yes, thou wilt take as much pitty of their Cries,
As a hungry Woolf does of the bleating Lambs. (*Aside*)
Dread Soveraign,
May all your Enemies and Rebels Perish
As these have done, your Faithful Servant prays:
But, Royal Sir, forgive me if I wish
Your Majesty were something more acquainted
With the firm Loyalty and Princ iples
Of all your Christians in general;
As they in number far exceed your Pagans,
So 'tis in Wealth the Sinews of all Power.

K. 'Tis that which troubles me, but I shall level
And crop that monstrous growth they so rely on:
Let them now flatter their rebellious hopes,
And find some other *Monumora* to set up,
For THIS they may give over:
I'll try how far my high Prerogative
Dare be disputed by a cropsick Crowd,
I'll break the Curb of haughty *Sanhedrim's*,
Who with audacious Arrogance would plead
And argue my just Favour to my Friends:
No, *Philanax*, it shall be so no more;
I'll set oppressed Vertue free,

And raiſe the *Clouded* Glory of my Pagans.
Their Loyalty to me is well aſſur'd:
Nay, I have tri'd it in the *worſt of Times*,
And I might well be call'd Ungenerous,
If for ſome dull Formalities of Law,
I ſhould expoſe to want or to diſgrace
My faithful'ſt Subjects, and my chiefeſt Friends.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Great Sir, your Noble General ſends to tell,
And to Congratulate your Majeſty,
For *Monumora*'s taking.

Bar. Is he taken? [*in Amaze.*

M. Taken, and lurking in a poor Diſguiſe.

K. I wiſh he had rather fallen in the Field.
But ſince 'tis ſo, Juſtice muſt have its courſe.

Bar. Nay, if I had a ſtock of Pitty now, I don't know but I might ſpare him a little; but hang it, he had better die, than *Cullidada*, and the Kingdom ſhould loſe a good Chancellor.

Pie. Great Sir, from this long Series of Succeſs, (*Ex.* Meſſ.
We find our Holy Prophet favours us.
From hence I humbly move, he will exact
All the moſt ſuitable Returns of Zeal.
He has thro' dark and untrod ways of Danger
Convey'd you ſafely to the Imperial Throne,
Now by a great Deliverance from your Rebels,
Who like a ſwelling Torrent had broke looſe:
And but for this reſtraining Providence,
Had overflown and ruin'd your whole Kingdom.
Your proud inſulting Enemy he has curb'd;
An Enemy indeed, who dar'd to deſpiſe
Even our moſt Holy Faith and You.
Now, Royal Sir, 'tis left to you to improve
Theſe mighty Benefits he has beſtow'd:
'Tis now he juſtly will exact performance
Of your **long promis'd vow**, to extirpate

The

The Christian Interest out of *Hungary*.

Bar. Nay, now is the Time, your Army's staunch and strong,
And your Pretences good to keep them up.
And since you have Power and Will, what can you doubt?

Pie. But above all, remember *Monumora*,
He must be lop'd.

Phil. Great Sir, if Mercy can,
Without a hazard to the State or You,
Be shown,
'Twill be a God-like second Conquest o're him,
To let him by your Royal Bounty Live.

Pie. Rivals in Empire never can be spar'd
Without the general hazard of the Nation.

Bar. Oh! Sir, 'tis most convenient he should die.
'Slife I would not undergoe such another Fright as he
Put me in for a million of *Monumora's*. (*Aside.*

K. We shall debate these weighty Matters further,
But 'tis our Royal Pleasure to depute
Our Trusty *Barbarossa* to go down,
And fix the Countrey in its due Obedience:
Examples may be made as you think fit.

Bar. Oh! my discretion knows to limit those.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE II.

The Queen's Bedchamber. *The* Scene *draws and discovers the* Queen *and* Dadamore *rising from the Bed.*

Qu. Come, prithee leave this dull Formality;
I am *Hautefelia* still to *Dadamore*;
Can'st thou yet doubt or wish for greater Proofs?
Come tell me, how do'st like my last Contrivance?

Dad. Fortune has been a Niggard to thy Merit,
And made but poor returns to thy Endeavours.
Transcendant Wit! and depth of Policy!

Why your *Hungarian* Politicians will be forc'd to borrow of you; Thou art Invention in the Abstract!

Qu. Let your Grave Philosophers keep a pother about their Entities and Quidities, one flight of a Womans Fancy would ruin the nicest of their Distinctions.

Dad. And what's no mean Ornament to your Atchievements, to have Success like a Laquey, still keeping pace with you; so that you no sooner grow big with a project, but she like a Midwife stands ready to deliver you.

Qu. Let their Christian *Sanhedrims* now pore upon their Fear and Jealousies, I think I have fitted them with **a Bill of Exclusion**. O! how my hopes do antedate the tedious Months. Well, this is a Revenge worthy my self, to satisfie my Love, my Ambition, and my Interest at once: Why it will make the *Mufti* and whole Conclave blush to see themselves so much out-done: And then my Lovely *Dadamore*, 'twill be no mean or trifling Pleasure to thee, to have perhaps a long successive Race of Pagan Kings, sprung from thy very Loins; beside the expectance of a vast Reward from our most Holy Prophet, for thy care thus to improve his People's Interest.

Dad. But, Madam, grant (for we'll suppose the worst) that this should fail.

Qu. It is impossible, did not our Holy Virgin, the Great *Loretto*, promise me Success; hear the words of the *Oracle*:

By thy industrious Zeal and Prayers I'm won,
To grant and promise thou shalt have a Son;
Italian *Strength*, or Gallick *Policy*,
Shall help to enlarge thy great Posterity.
'Tis order'd he must share a double Fate;
A Peasant born, a Prince Regenerate.

Dad. Why 'tis a sort of Riddle.

Qu. Oh! your Oracles always speak in that manner, but the key to explain it was sent with this: I have the sense of it at my Fingers ends. In short, my Dear *Dadamore*, the Secret is this, that if the envious Stars conspire to render our Embraces fruitless

leſs, we muſt have recourſe to the other extream: Time preſſes hard, and we may be ſure to have the Curſe of our Prophet, if for want of an Heir, we ſhould let the Inheritance of Mother Church fall to Strangers. (*Queen is going.*

Dad. This is an admirable Fetch: Well,
For Wit, Religion, Honeſty, let no Man
Hereafter vainly think to vie with WOMAN. (*Aſide.*

Exeunt Qu. Dad.

SCENE III.

Alba Regalis.

Enter Remarquo, Pietro.

Pie. Well, *Remarquo*, who is the Chriſtians King now?

Rem. Pietro.

Pie. Ha, ha, how do you make that out, *Remarquo*?

Rem. Why the Queen Governs the King, and *Pietro* Rules the Queen, ſo in effect *Pietro* is King.

Pie. I don't like your Jeſt.

Rem. I don't like your *Earneſt*.

Pie. Thou talkeſt as big as if thou hadſt another *Monumora* at thy back.

Rem. If I have, *you'll not ſtay to look him in the Face:* I have one in ſtore yet for your Confeſſorſhip. He may raiſe the Price of Hemp as much as *Barbaroſſa*. (*Aſide.*

Pie. Come prithee be Civil *Remarquo*, and let's talk of the News. You were at *Monumora*'s Execution; how did he behave himſelf?

Rem. As an Honeſt Man would do amongſt a Company of Knaves; what he thought fit to ſay, he knew would not be ſuffer'd; and what they would have him, he ſcorn'd; and there's an end of his Speech: Your Worſhip will make a longer perhaps, when your turn comes. (*Aſide.*

Pie Well, *Remarquo*, I pitty him; but the Cauſe, *Remarquo*, the Cauſe muſt go forward. (*Ex.* Pie.) *Rem.*

Rem. If the Cauſe (as he calls it) and his Worſhip had been Hang'd Twenty Years ago, I would have been at the trouble of Pitying him too: Pity quoth he? Poor *Hungary* will never be happy, till he is ſo Pitied. [*Exit Rem.*

SCENE IV.

Aceldama *in the* Weſt.

[*The Scene opens, and diſcovers* Barbaroſſa *ſitting in Judgment; on each ſide ſtands Officers with* Axes, Halters, burning Irons, Racks, Whips, *&c. One ſide of the Stage is Crowded up with Priſoners, which by a Guard are Surrounded: The* Cryer *makes Proclamation of* Silence, *and then the Court proceeds to the Tryals:* Diſpenſo, Warranto, *all the while are Shuffling up and down to get Bribes of the Priſoners; and profering the Sale of Pardons. After the Indictments againſt ſeveral Read, the* Clerke *bids the* Cryer *call the Kings Evidence,* Timoroſo, Treacheronto, Gripe, *who appearing,* Barbaroſſa *begins.*]

Bar. Here you Mr. *Timoroſa*, you look like an honeſt Man: Come, do you know theſe Men at the Bar, look on them?

Tim. Yes, my Lord, I ſhould know them, but my Memory is bad, I have forgot them.

Bar. Speak out Man, thou art Afraid, did'ſt not thou ſee thoſe Fellows here, Arm'd, and Engaging like *Sturdy* Rebels in the *Duke* of *Monumora*'s Army, againſt our Soveraign Lord *Cullidada.*

Tim. O Lord, Sir, I was never in an Engagement my ſelf, but I ſaw thoſe Men all; and ſome of them with brown Bills, Sythes, and Hatchets.

Bar. You ſaw them among the *Rebels*?

Tim. My Lord, I don't know Rebels from other Folke.

Bar. Ha! [*He Frowns and Storms at him.*

Tim. But the Truth on't is, they have the very *Looks* of Rebels. (*in a fearful Tone.*) *Bar.*

Bar. Thou haſt the *Look* of a Hobby-Horſe. Set up the next there.

Firſt Priſoner. My Lord, perhaps he might ſee me with a Bill on my Shoulder, I was going to the Field about my Buſineſs.

Bar. You were going to the Field to Plow with your Bill: Yes, you went to Sow Rebellion, and you'll Reap Halters: This is your Chriſtian Religion, as you call it! Well, you'll not ſcruple to Die Martyrs for it. Come you Mr. *Treacheronto*, what can you tell us of theſe Men?

Tre. My Lord, I ſaw them every one hacking and hewing as if Old-*Nick* was in 'em.

Second Priſ. Where was you when you ſaw us?

Tre. Where was I? why, where I ſaw you, I warrant you: Nay, if you are for asking hard Queſtions, I'll fit you: My Lord, I ſaw that Man as fierce as a Dragon, I'll warrant he kill'd fourteen or fifteen himſelf. [*Here* Diſpen. *and* War. *come cloſe aſide the Priſoners, and whiſper them.*

Bar. What Murder and Rebellion! Come, Sir, for your part you have ſaid enough.

Enter Remarquo.

Diſ. What Eſtate has this Gentleman, Sir? [*to one of the Priſ.*

Priſ. Near four hundred *per Annum*.

War. A fair Eſtate, 'tis pitty it ſhould be all loſt to himſelf and Family.

Diſ. Sir, the Judge is my very good Friend, and I pitty your Condition, I ſhall do my endeavours for you.

War. Nay, Sir, he carries a great ſtroak with him, and you know Life is ſweet, a Body would give ANY THING for ones Life. [Remarquo *makes up and liſtens.*

Priſ. Wo is me, Sir, you ſhall command all I have, ſo you will but ſave my Life.

Diſ. Alack, Sir, I don't *value five hundred Pounds*, 'tis pure Charity that I ſtir in it.

Rem. Who in the Name of Goodneſs have we here? (*Aſide.*) O my Conſcience, the *Mufti*'s Blood-hounds, and *Barbaroſſa*'s Purſe-

Purſe-Bearers, the two Law-Butchers that come every Seſſions and Aſſize, and grope the Priſoners, as Graziers do their Cattle, to ſee if they be fat, and well to paſs; then if there's hopes of a handſome Greaſing, they preſently give their Maſter the hint, who extends his Mercy, as Rooking Gameſters at firſt loſe their Money, only to draw you in for a deeper ſtake: But hold, I'll mark the Proceeding.

Diſp. But, Sir, the truth on't is (*ſpeaking to the Priſoner*) my Lord's Servants will expect ſomething conſiderably.

Priſ. Sir, the five hundred Pounds ſhall be ready in two hours.

Bar. VVell, you ſee, Gentlemen, the Evidence is plain againſt you, what have you more to ſay? VVhat do they ſay, *Diſpenſo?*

Rem. So there's the VVatch-word. (*Aſide.*

Diſp. My Lord, there is Mr. *Wealthy* and his Kinſman wholly throw themſelves upon the King's Mercy, I believe they have been deluded.

Rem. Ay in my Conſcience, if the Devil had been in their places, and you two to have dealt with him, he had been at a plaguy nonplus, if not out-done in his own Maſter-piece of Cheating, Lying, Forgery, *&c.*

Bar. Well then, Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the full Evidence againſt the Priſoners, for the two black Crimes of Murther and Rebelion, the time will not admit of any long Diſcourſe, we have other Buſineſs of the ſame Nature; only this I muſt tell you, they are plainly Guilty by the Law, and you cannot but bring them in ſo.

Fifth Priſ. My Lord, I have not ſpoke one word for my ſelf.

Bar. Oh! Sir, you need not *ſay* much, you have *done* more than you'll be able to anſwer while you live. What ſay you, Gentlemen of the King's Evidence, was not that Fellow amongſt them?

Gripe. Nay, my Lord, I muſt needs ſay, I know his Face very well. Yes, yes, he was one, a meer Rebel he. Now I think on't, he's a Creditor of mine. [*Aſide.*

Priſ.

Priſ. My Lord, I deſire Juſtice, that Fellow owes me a hundred Pound, and thinks to come out of my Debt by falſly Accuſing me. Oh! Villain.

Gripe. Do you hear, my Lord, would any but a Rebel Abuſe the King's Evidence thus?

Bar. Come, Gentlemen of the Jury, I find they have nothing material to offer, ſo go out. (*Ex.* Jury.

Rem. Was there ever ſeen ſuch a Monſtrous Diſpenſer of Juſtice, that would rather throw away the Lives of ſo many poor Chriſtians without a hearing, than ſtay half an hour for his Dinner? Why, the Villian was certainly ſuckled with Blood; he does even thirſt after it: With what Ridicule and Buffoonry he us'd the poor Wretches! Not the half of 'em were ſuffer'd to ſpeak a word for their Lives.

Enter Jury.

Cryer. Make way for the Jury there.

[*After the uſual Queſtions the Clark ſays,*

Cl. How ſay you, is *John Littlehope, &c.* Guilty of the Murther and Treaſon for which they ſtand Indicted, or not Guilty?

Jury. Guilty.

Cl. Goaler, look to your Priſoners.

Bar. Well, Gentlemen, you that are Priſoners there, and by the Law ſtand Convicted; as your Crimes have been of the blackeſt nature, ſo that you cannot in reaſon expect much Favour; ſo I ſhall proceed to give Sentence of Death according to Law.

After which the Court breaks up, and *Exeunt Omnes.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

[*After a Procession of* Mahometan Priests *and* Choristers, *followed by the* Queen *and* Ladies, *by way of Thanksgiving for the* Queens *suppos'd being with Child*; *Enter* Philanax, Remarquo, Cellia *the Queens Midwife.*

Phil. With Child, Man? 'Tis a Miracle!

Rem. How! a Miracle! what for a *brisk Lady* not yet thirty to be with Child? Why, prithee, there's not one in Fifty of the Sex but has a Colt's Tooth in her Head at Threescore; tho' by the by (considering all things) I should as soon have suspected my Grandmother as her Majesty upon that score. (*Aside.*

Cel. Oh dear, Sir *Philanax*, the Queen is **full of Children**, and what is more, I dare affirm, she is *going with a Prince*, or I am very much mistaken in the Stars.

Rem. Why, there's the thing! These Pagans are the shrewdest *Astrologers*, they Calculate every thing to an hairs breadth; they have an *Almanack* fitted for every Meridian, and seldom fail in a Tittle of their Predictions. (*Aside*) But, pray, Madam, how long is she gone?

Cel. I am not acquainted with Particulars, but 'tis a Blessing obtain'd from the *Holy Virgin* of *Loretto.*

Rem. I should have thought an Address from her Majesty to some **Holy broad-back'd Brother** would have better befitted her Desires and Circumstances. (*Aside*) But what Applications did the Virgin prescribe?

Cel. Oh! she sent her a Smock of a Generative Faculty, I'll warrant ye we shall never want a Prince now.

Ph.

Ph. Nay, nay, now I remember, Madam, the Receipt was found out near an hundred years agone.

Rem. Yes, yes, it has lain dormant among the Pagan Relicks ever since *Hautefelia* the First, and now for the **good** of the Kingdom, and *Advantage* of **Holy Mother Church**, 'tis brush'd up anew; but this won't do. (*Aside*) Well, Madam, Increase of the Royal Issue is a great Blessing.

Cel. Oh! we shall see glorious Times in *Hungary*, *Remarquo*, These puling Christians make such a strange pother about *Liberty* and *Property*, and I know not what, that they spoil all the **good Intentions** of the King and Queen. Those Patients can never expect to be well Cur'd, that won't follow the Advice of their Physicians.

Ph. Nay, Madam, I must needs confess we are in a lamentable Condition; but by the way, we should be as little beholding to her for *her* way of Cure, as I should be to be knock'd o'th' head by the way of putting me out of pain, when yet there was pregnant hopes of my Recovery. (*Aside.*

Cel. Well, Sir *Philanax*, the Queens Delivery will put an end to, and satisfie all our Fears and Jealousies. (*Exit* Cel.

Ph. Spoke like an Oracle efaith!

Rem. Yes, yes, the Queens Midwife, you must know, speaks with a bundance of **fore-knowledge**. Satisfie their Fears and Jealousies, said she? Yes, her Majesties *Delivery* (as they call it) will *satisfie* all *Parties*; the Pagans, because they hope to bring their old Plot of a *Sham Prince* to perfection; and the Christians, no doubt, will be satisfied of the Cheat. Well, I shall live, I hope, to see her Majesty and this Kingdom *fitted* with a **Delivery**. I believe, indeed, her Majesty has made as curious a search, and taken as much bodily pains for an Heir, as ever Chymist did for the Philosopher's Stone: But, alas! a Body might as soon extract Gold out of a Flint, as hope for a Child from such known deprav'd and sickly Constitutions; I hear by *Mazaro*, indeed, that the Count and her Majesty have made many Experiments about it, but can't nick it; so now they

have resolv'd to trump up the old Game, and play to the tune of her Majesties *Name-sake* of *Pious* Memory. Well, I'll stick as close to her as the Shadow to the Substance, she shall never make use of a Pot, but I, like a Physician, will be casting her Water; I'll trace her to her very Bed, and observe every part of her; not the Promises of the King, nor the Threats of her self, shall be able to delude or frighten me. No, I love my King as my Father, but would not make him my Idol, and Adore him; I honour him as my King, but will not with base Flattery blow him up to a *Tyrant*; I will obey him as a Dispencer *of*, but not with *Injustice*, and above all, I'll prefer the safety and honour of my Countrey in general, before the private Lusts, and unlawful wicked Designs of any Prince in Christendom. And this, Sir *Philanax*, is or ought to be the firm Resolution of every honest *Hungarian*.

Ph. And may the Plague of Pagan Tyranny light on him that wants it. (*Ex.* Phil. Rem.

SCENE. II.

The Palace of St. Jacques. *The Queens* Bed-Chamber.

(*Enter* Queen, Mazato, Sychophante, Midwife, Nurse, *&c. at one door*: Remarquo *privately slips in at another, and hushes himself up at a corner of the Hangings.*

Mid. Your Majesty will consider, I presume, that this being a Business of vast moment, it is to be managed with all the nicity imaginable, the least slip here, like the taking out a pin of a Watch, sets the whole Work out of Order; and, what is amiss here, is not like to be ever recovered.

Qu. I know all this, *Cellia*, and my own strong Inclination, as well as former *real* Experience, should, I fancy, put me out of all fear of failing.

Maz. Madam, you cannot be too perfect, you'll have abundance of Eyes & Ears about you; therefore my humble Advice is, That your Majesty would not think it a trouble to practice it well before it comes to the Test.

Qu.

Qu. Let's see then *Cellia*, what must we do?

(*Here the Mid-wife opens a Bag and pulls out her Implements necessary for the better Delivery of Women of Quality.*

Remarquo *Peeps.*

Rem. So, so, the Play is *compos'd* and *distributed*, and now they are come to rehearse their Parts. (*Aside.*

Syc. Oh dear *Cellia*, we shall have no use of them, 'twill be too publick for us, it must be all done in Bed.

Rem. Yes, I'll warrant you, with the Curtains close drawn, and none but your Worships to fumble about her Queenship, and then if we fail of a *Sturdy Boy*, let *Old-Nick* fail you. (*Aside.*

Qu. That's the upshot of all, but there are *preliminaries* to be considered.

Cell. Yes, in the first place Your Majesty will remember every Morning you are to be taken with a small fit of *Hawking* and *Reaching*, and now and then a *Long-spit* or two.

Syc. Oh Madam, I remember a *Qualm* on the *Stomach* now and then is a very deluding thing (with the Men especially) and passes for a certain sign of a *growing Belly.*

Mid. I remember how I *bubbled* a young Spark so once, who was fond of the *conceit* of having got me *with Child*, and when I had hook'd in some *Presents* of considerable *value*, I feign'd a *Miscarriage*, which cost him a *few Tears*, and me a *sound Laughing*, and there was an End of my *Qualms*; yes, yes, *Qualms* will go a great way.

Rem. Now if her Majesty wanted a stock of *Hypocrisy*, &c. She is got into good Company, and might be easily furnished: Oh the *unsearchable Impudence* of some Women! (*Aside.*

Mid. In the next place, when your Majesty would admit of much Company, you must yield to a *Minutes Torture* of being very *strait Lac'd*, which will be apt for the present to make you ready to *Faint*, which will add much to the Credit of your being *with Child.*

Maz. That's a piece of Skill I was unacquainted with till now, Madam *Cellia.*

Mid.

Mid. From the quickning of the Child proceeds Motion in the *Womb*, which disturbing some *Fibres* that go up to the *Heart*, causeth *Palpitations*, *&c.* and thence proceed *Swoonings*, *Faintings*, *Short-breathings*, *&c.*

Rem. On my *Conscience*, I shall have a sweet Lecture of *Natural Philosophy*, She'll run over all *Aristotles* Problems presently.

Qu. If *Swoonings* and *Faintings* be a Rule you prescribe, I can easily perform it; but *Mazato*, and all of you, remember to loosen me presently, or I may be Sick indeed.

☞ *Note, That this was the constant Remedy for all the late Queen of* Hungary's *Swooning Fits, during her pretended Bigness.*

Mid. Binding in the Back, like one that is overburthen'd, is so Natural a consequence of a *Great Belly*, that Your Majesty will not, I believe, need Instructions concerning it.

Rem. Well, now from a Methodical Digestion of these *weighty Instructions*, a body might make a shift to pick up a *Moderate Maintenance*; why, I shall be a perfect *Midwife*; there's many a Man has set up his Trade, that has not Learn'd half so much on't, as I have of this. (*Aside.*)

Mid. Now Madam, we must be bold with your Majesties *Belly*, for that is, as it were, the *Primum Mobile* of our *Intrigue*, and must be ordered with abundance of Nicety.

(*The Midwife and Ladies come up close to the Queen, and feel and grope about the Queens Belly, and then lift up her Petticoats.*

Rem. Udsbud, what are they going to do now? Oh lau! *Treason*, *Treason*! 'Dsflesh, if I should be caught here now, I should be hang'd as round as a hoop, for committing *Treason* against her Majesties *Belly*; well, I don't care, I'll carry a good Conscience with me, I will not see. (*Aside.*)

(Remarquo *peeps, he shrugs and scratches.*

Mid. Your Majesty must have it heightned by degrees, it must carry a Similitude of a *Natural Swelling*.

(*He holds his hands before his Face, and peeps thro' his fingers.*

Rem.

Rem. This is an odd way of getting a Son, an Heir, though: What a few Rags pinn'd together, muſt Perſonate the Prince, and we ſhall have ſome Neighbouring Monarchs, ſent to, and Solicited to ſtand *God-Fathers* to a *Piſs-burnt Cuſhion*: Well, they may get what *Infant* they pleaſe to compleat the *Comedy*; but I'll engage he ſhall ſtand to his *Pedigree*, and never be any thing in *Hungary*, but King of his Mothers *Clowts*. (*Aſide.* (*Here they place a ſmall Cuſhion under her Cloaths.*

Qu. All theſe are but Trifles, *Sycophante*, my own Ingenuity will undertake theſe; but the very *Critical* Minute, *Cellia*, that's the grand Queſtion, theſe *Plaguy Chriſtians* are ſo miſtruſtful, they'll not take ones Word for any thing.

Rem. 'Tis very hard, conſidering her Majeſty deals ſo **Juſtly** by them. (*Aſide.*

Mid. Madam, young Pupils muſt of neceſſity ſubmit to the Experience and Doctrine of their Elders; this is not the firſt buſineſs of this nature that I have manag'd, and with your Majeſties Patience, I'll draw you a *Scheam* of all we are to do, in a moment.

Qu. Prithee, *Cellia*, I have Inclination and knowledge, but my *Modeſty will be at a ſtand.*

Rem. O Lau! O Lau! Modeſty, ſaid She? She has been at the Court of *Hungary* theſe ten Years, where *Whoring, Lying, &c.* have been improv'd at the rate of *Fifty per Cent*, and now She pretends to boggle at a little *Diſſembling*: Yes, yes, I have heard Count *Dadamore* and her Queenſhip Con over *Lectures of Modeſty*, till they Sweat again. (*Aſide.*) Oh! She's a very Zealot in *Modeſty*, when She lights of an *Induſtrious Tutor*. (*Aſide.*

Qu. However, *Cellia* conſidering the neceſſity, I'll over-run all difficulties.

Rem. Her Highneſs is very poſitive; She and her *Jebuſites* have made it their buſineſs to wrangle us out of our Senſes, if they could; and the King has not left us the diſpoſal even of one **Thought**, *for he tells us we are to give an Implicite Obedience without* **Reſerve**) ſo that if all other means fail, for ought we know, we may have the *Daughter of an Elephant* trump't up with a Declaration

claration of *Hic est filius meus*, and who dare dispute or gain say it? (*Aside.*

Cel. Well then, Madam, in the first place, suppose your self handsomely laid in Bed, between *nine and ten* in the Morning, and no Company but your own Trusty Friends, the Christians safe at their Devotion (*the Prelates especially must be absent.*)

Qu. Oh! Foh! if I had a mind to save Charges, I'd take no other Physick than the sight of a *Christian Prelate.* Oh! what a strange working it has caus'd in my Stomach, the very name of them is a Vomit. (*She spits.*

Cel. Nor indeed must any other of them come within sight of you, they'll make such a noise with impertinent Questions, as may spoil your Milk, as you know Thunder does Ale.

Rem. There's some hopes of this, Lady *Midwife*; her Memory I see is short, and she may be out in her Lesson, she's afraid of spoiling her Milk, when they had agreed before, she could have none; but 'tis the Nature of some people *to tell a Lie so often, that at last they perswade themselves 'tis true.* (*Aside.*

Qu. Alack! You may be sure *Cullidada* will take care to keep them at the farther part of the Room, where you know out of common complaisance, they must harangue him upon his **Unexpected** Happiness,

[*Rem. Of having a Child beyond all possibility.* (*Aside.*

You are in the right on't, Madam; then for two or three faint Cries (such as I gave when I made my Husband believe he was tearing my Maidenhead to pieces, and a little bustling about the Cloaths, and out comes the *Young Perkin*, as like the Father as if he were *spit out* of his Mouth.

Qu. But as to the cleanly conveying him in; *we forgot that, Cellia.*

Cel. That I'll shew you in a moment.

(*She goes to one corner of the Stage, and brings a large Warming Pan lin'd with Velvet.*

Now, Madam, just before the critical minute, you call of course to have the Bed warm'd, then in comes *me*, *Madam Midwife*, with

with this Warming-pan, mark you me, with young *Perkin* as ſnug in it as a *drowned Toaſt* in the bottom of a Tankard; then while you are undreſſing and ready to pop in, whip, I ſtrait diſembogue, and leave your Majeſty the hopeful Mother of a luſty Son and Heir.

Rem. So, ſo, this is an excellent way to hinder collateral deſcents: Why, who would be ſo fooliſh to pine for an Heir, when every Midwife in Town can ſo eaſily ſupply them? [*aſide.*

Qu. Why, this *Cellia* is an Artiſt, Ladies: Well, thou haſt ſatisfied me to a miracle: I long for the good hour. Oh, I have it now at my fingers ends.

Pagans rejoyce, our Mufti do's agree,
This year ſhould be to us a Jubilee. [Exit Qu. cum ſuis,

Rem. Pagans beware, for we ſhall take occaſion [*manet Rem.*
To tax your works of *Supererogation.*
We ſcorn your Preſidents, and ne're can own
Such ſpurious Sons, as fill our *Neighbouring Throne*;
Spight of your frauds we ſhall be ſhortly free
From Tyrant Kings, and *Pagan Slavery.* [Exit Rem.

Finis Act. 4*ti.*

ACT V. Scene I.

The Scene opens and diſcovers Cullidada *alone, leaning penſively on a Table, and endeavouring to raiſe himſelf; he is in a moment environed with a great Company of Ghoſts, which riſe out of the Ground, and point ſeverally at him, ſhaking their Heads at one another. The firſt is that of the Sieur* Godferus, *ſometime one of the Tribunes of the People of* Hungary, *his Head ſeems to dangle from one ſide to the other, as if his Neck were broken, and has his own Sword ſticking through him; he nods to the oppoſite Ghoſt, which is that of* Columona, *who holds out to the King the end of a Rope, which is faſtned about his Neck. The next is Monſieur* Stephano de la Colledge, *with a Halter about his Neck. The next is the Count* de Eſſeycke, *who points to his Throat, which is cut ſo deep, that his Head ſeems ready to fall off. The next are the Lord* Roſſellio *and the Sieur* le Sydeny, *who have two Golden Rings about their Necks, by which their Heads ſeem to be*

fastned to their Bodies. The next is the Ghost of the Sieur del Aramstrough, *with an Halter about his Neck, and an Ax in his hand. The next is the Burgomaster* Coronise, *with an Halter in his hand. In the midst of all is the Ghost of the Prince* Philodemy, *Duke of* Monumora, *who has also a Golden Ring round his Neck*, and a Crown seems to hang over him *some small distance from his Head. After two or three horrid Flashes of Lightning and Claps of Thunder, the Ghost of* Godferus *speaks:*

Ghost of Godf. SEE, *Cruel Prince*, thy trade of Cruelty, Which was first practis'd and begun on me: *The Ghost points round to the rest.*
Love to my Country, and the Kingdoms Peace,
(Which sure deserves Reward, at least should please,)
Made me, Oh! strange Ingratitude! incur
Thy Cruel Rage——
'Tis true, with zealous Industry I ran
And trac'd the bloody Steps of thy *Mysterious Babylon:*
There was my Crime; And here my Punishment;
Nor is thine far behind. Repent, Repent; [*Pointing to his Neck.*
Thy Fate's determin'd, and the Time draws on:
Thy Crown (by *Fratricide* obtain'd) is gone;
Thy Life's inglorious, troublesome and short,
To Friends a Burden, to thy Foes a Sport.
Ghost of Col. Ah! my *ungrateful* Master, are you here?
Your cheated Secretary does appear,
Partly to chide your black Ingratitude,
That could so easily betray my Blood;
But chiefly to inform you, you mistake,
If for a Saint you *Columona* take.
Believe me, Sir, (and Spirits seldom lie)
You are your self as much a Saint as I.
Ah, much more likely 'tis, you may be one,
Since Providence permits your Glass to run,
And gives you time to think, and mend your Errors;
(For after Death you cannot plead *Demurrers.*)
Ah! Think in time then, and repent your Evil,
Or else by *Mahomet*, you'll be a Devil.

Oh!

Oh! *Roguy Prieſts!* How often they repeated;
If I'd conceal, how well I ſhould be treated?
If youl believe them, *you'l like me be cheated.*

Ghoſt of Step. Col. By perjur'd Tongues, ſubornd and brib'd (by thee,
I fell the Victim of thy Cruelty.
No Age, nor Sex, nor Quality was free
From the baſe Inſults of thy Tyranny.
Through all Degrees of Wickedneſs thou'ſt gone,
Through all the murth'ring Arts of curſed *Babylon*:
Nor Prince nor Peaſant, Lords nor Commons ſtood
Free from thy cruel Thirſt of ſhedding Blood.
Thy Friends ſcarce pity thee, thy Foes deſpiſe;
And Heaven, who ſees the Juſtice of our Cries,
Has Curſt thee——
Thy Fate's determin'd in the Eternal Roll,
Thou ſhalt *with Speed* and *Ignominy fall*:
All that thy cruel Subtilty has done,
Shall in the compaſs of one ſhort-liv'd Sun,
Be loſt, unravel'd, ſpurn'd and trod upon.

Ghoſt of Eſſ. Unhappy Prince! by what blind Fury led,
Doſt thou delight theſe Paths of Blood to tread?
Does thy Inſatiate *Moloch* ſtill require
More of thy Sons to paſs the fatal Fire?
Does thy ſtrange Principles and Zeal o'rethrow
All Ties of Blood, of Vertue, and of Law?
Will not the Father, King, nor Friend controul
The wild Exceſſes of thy boundleſs Soul?
Ah! Prince look back, ſee what a Multitude [*The King looks back affrighted.*
Of pale-fac'd threatning Ghoſts about thee croud,
All earneſt Suppliants at th' Heavenly Throne
For Vengeance on thy Guilty Head alone;
And they've obtain'd; thy *Fate* is written *there*,
And *ſoon* thou'lt find it executed *here*.

Ghoſt of Roſſel. Pity, a Stranger to thy Savage Soul,
Does yet my juſt Reſentments ſo controul,
That at the Throne of Grace I am become
A Suppliant to reverſe thy fearful Doom.

But oh! thy unrelenting Soul denies
Even Pity to thy ſelf; nay, and defies,
Like hardned Rebels, all juſt Terms of Peace;
Thou wouldſt not bid one Tear for thy eternal Eaſe.
Hear therefore what the Fates have now ordain'd,
Thy Crown is loſt, thy Fame for ever ſtain'd:
A Prince for *God-like Qualities renown'd*,
Shall raiſe the *Groveling Kingdom* from the Ground
And ſtop the Torrent of its bleeding Wounds.
In baſe Diſguiſe thou ſhalt obſcurely fly
Be made the ſport of every common Eye,
And dwindle a ſhort tedious Life in Miſery.

As ſoon as the Ghoſt of Lord Roſſelio *has done ſpeaking, all the reſt of the Ghoſts clap their hands aloud, and pointing and laughing at* Cullydada, *they dance round him: Only the Ghoſt of* Monumora *ſeems penſive, and ſhakes his Head in a lamenting manner, which the King takes much notice of; and in a trembling manner ventures to come a little towards him, and ſpeaks:*

King. By that Divine and Glorious Form, I gueſs
If Ghoſts may carry Names, thou art *Monumora*,
The valiant Son of my moſt Royal Brother. [*The Ghoſt nods in token*
Thou ſeem'ſt to carry on that ſolid Brow *of aſſent.*
More of calm Sorrow than of juſt Revenge:
Good Heavens! He ſeems to weep! his ſhaking Head
Seems to lament the Miſery that waits me.
Speak, Holy Shade, canſt thou forgive the Wrongs
Which cruel Policy of State, and ſordid Fear,
Prompted by bloody Importunities,
Of an Imperious Wife, and Crafty Prieſt,
Made me commit?

Ghoſt. Repent, and I forgive.

K. [*Sighs and groans heavily*] This is the firſt time my hardned Heart.
E're melted with Remorſe: Oh! the ſharp Sting
Of a Relenting Guilty Conſcience!
Dear Shade, accept my juſt unfeigned Sorrow.
(The only Recompenſe I now can make)

Thy

Thy undeſerved goodneſs has o'recome me,
And I am now all over Penitence:
Oh! that I could reverſe the Book of Fate,
And re-inſtate thee on the Earth again;
Methinks 'twould eaſe me of a *Load* of Sin,
If to my troubled Conſcience I could plead
Not Guilty of the Death of *Monumora*.

Ghoſt. Repent, and I forgive. [*he is going.*]

K. Stay, Sacred Shade, and ſince thy Goodneſs can
With ſo much eaſe forgive; let me prevail
From thy Divine Intelligence, to learn
The utmoſt of that Fate that threatens me.

The Ghoſt is juſt going to ſpeak, and the Cock Crows, at which they all ſtart, and ſhaking their Heads at Cullydada, *they vaniſh.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, I was hither from the *Low Lands* ſent
With Letters to your Sacred Majeſty. [*He gives the Letters,*

K. Five Hundred Sail! and Forty thouſand Men! } *and the K.*
And ready juſt to Sail: Did you ſee any? } *reads, he*
Meſſ. 'Tis too too true, my Liege, 'twas whiſper'd } *ſtarts and*
They'd Sayl the Morning Tyde. (there! } *ſtamps.*

K. And is it certain
That they deſign to invade our Kingdom here?

Meſſ. At firſt the Rumours were ſo various,
We could not fix on any Certainty;
But 'tis no longer now a Secret made,
That they deſign their Courſe for *Hungary*. [*Exit* Meſſ.

K. [*muſes.*] This unexpected Storm does more confound me,
Than all the threatning Dangers of my Life.
Five hundred Sail of Ships! 'tis wonderful,
Mann'd, Victual'd, Fix'd, and ready to hoiſe Sayl,
And all with ſuch profound ſtrange Privacy!
It ſeems to carry fatal Omens with it,
Since Providence already ſeems to ſide with them:
Sure my Prophetick Ghoſts could never mean
To ſpur my eager Fate ſo quickly on:

And

And I design'd, if time had been allow'd,
T' have taken all effectual human means
To baffle their pretended Fate———
If Shoals of Gallick Friends and bold *Hiberians*
Could have perform'd what I so long design'd,
They should have swarm'd in all their Christian Hives,
And turn'd their murmuring Hosts a grazing:
But still I'll not despair.
Industrious Wisdom often does prevent
What lazy Folly thinks inevitable:
Big swelling Clouds are by the Winds blown o're,
And threatning Storms may dwindle into Showers. [*Exit* King.

ACT V. Scene II. *The Mosque at the Palace of St.* Jacques.

The Scene draws and discovers Barbarossa, Pietro, *and several Pagan Priests and Jebusites in Consultation.*

Enter Remarquo.

Rem. This News has struck 'em all dumb; you can see nothing at Court but a company of moving Statues; the Christians whisper indeed, but the Pagans shake their Heads, as Physitians do when they give a Man over; and the King runs to and fro as if he were pursu'd by a Spirit or Goblin. I wonder where the *good natur'd Pietro*, and the *Generous Barbarossa* are, I have not seen them at *Alba Regalis* all this Evening; I'll warrant you, one is consulting the good of the Christians Souls, as the other did of their Bodies in the *West*, and are as *calm in their Consciences* as the meek suffering Martyrs; and as little disturb'd at the News, as a Hare at the first opening of the Kennel. Well, I'll go in and visit some of their Active Brethren, who at this time now are wonderful busie in forging false Reports, to scatter amongst the People. Ha! who have we yonder? Oh! there's [*He is going forward*] the Jebusites private Cabal; now they are preparing business to be offer'd in Council; a Company of true *State-Tinkers*, who under the pretence of mending one Fault, make twenty. Well, I must be

be *incognito*; I'll stand up here and listen, I may edifie upon it, perhaps.

Pie. VVe have no time, Gentlemen, to make long Speeches; let us each offer our Sentiments, and from thence we'll pick out matter for the fittest Proposals to be made to *Cullydada*.

1 *Jeb.* VVhat are the Heads of the Prince *Lysander*'s Declaration?

Bar. I am afraid the Reverend *Pietro*'s and mine are *two of them*.

Rem. Ay, and I hope he'll have better hold of them, than in his Declaration. [*aside*.

2 *Jeb.* Does our Danger proceed from the Person of the Prince?

Pie. Oh! He's the *Primum Mobile* of the Faction.

2 *Jeb.* VVhy then can we want a Zealous Brother, that will venture to give him a gentle touch under the Fifth Rib? 'Tis the way of the Pagans, and according to the Instructions of *Mother Church*.

Pie. I confess 'tis *lawful*, but not at this time *seasonable*; we must use Lenitives yet a while; we may have a time yet.

Rem. Yes, yes; I may see them all take their turns in good time. [*aside*.

Bar. The Plaguy Christian Nobles advise the King forthwith to call the *Sanhedrim*. [*They all start at the Word*.

Rem. Oh! how they wince at the very name of it? [*aside*.

Omnes. Udsbud, a Sanhedrim! VVhy, the very thought of one's as dreadful as the sight of a Deaths Head, and there's a *Memento mori* to us included in the very VVords.

Pie. Alack, my Breath smells of Hemp ever since you mentioned it: VVhy, prithee what was our business here for these many long years, but to *stave* off Sanhedrims, unless now and then to let them come together for matter of Form, and to fill the Kings Coffers, *which we always made sure to employ against themselves*.

Bar. Nay, I had as lief take a Lion by the Paw, as look a *House of Commons* in the Face, they have such a plaguy way of making a Man dancing the Somerset before 'em, and turning him inside outward: I should not be my self again while I liv'd.

Rem.

Rem. Nay, o' my Conſcience, there muſt be a great *dearth of Halters* here, if you liv'd long after. [*aſide.*

Jeb. But how do the People behave themſelves?

Rem. Ay, there's the ſting. [*aſide.*

Pie. Why to be plain, As Malefactors at the Gallows, when they ſee a *Reprieve* come, an unuſual blithneſs in the face of the better ſort, and an inſulting boldneſs in the Rabble: I walkt the Streets laſt Night in Diſguiſe, on purpoſe to hear their Sentiments, where you ſhould ſee at every other Door private Caballers and publick Mutineers: At one place they ſtop'd me, and made me Drink Confuſion to Pietro, and his Holy Colleague the Chancellor: at another I ſaw a company of Boys very buſie in twiſting of Wattles; I ask'd what they were for? They preſently return'd, to hang the Jebuſites together, and make a Preſent of them to the *Prince Lyſander:* Now this is our Diſtemper, Brother *Barbaroſſa*, what do you preſcribe?

Barb. Why, I am at a ſtand; I have a plaguy Crick in my Neck of a ſuddain, and that's very ominous. Oh, that I had but two or three State-days in the Weſt again! Oh, 'twould be an infallible remedy!

R. Nay, your Worſhip need not doubt of making one Holy-day before you dye yet. [*aſide.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord the King ſends for you both with all ſpeed.

Bar. What's the News prithee?

Meſſ. The Prince *Lyſander* is landed in the Weſt with a formidable Army, and the *Country* pour in like Hail to him; ſome of the Kings Troops have already entirely joyn'd him, and all the People declare unanimouſly for him.

B. Oh poor Chancellor! P. Ah poor Pietro! *They run off, clapping and wringing their hands.*

Scene

Scene III. *Alba Regalis.*

Enter Queen tearing her hair, and wringing her hands, with Dadamore, *the Nurſe with the pretended Prince; and* Mazato, Sycophante, *and* Remarquo *at a diſtance.*

Qu. Oh Villains! Rebels! Traytors! thus to betray their King and me. Are theſe their Chriſtian Principles? foh! [*She ſpits.*

Rem. Why, there's the buſineſs: theſe ill-natur'd Chriſtians. Out upon 'em, that two or three millions of Souls ſhould ſo unanimouſly conſpire to ſave their Antient dear bought Laws from being ſubverted, their *Religion* from being violated, and their *Throats from being cut*, when her Majeſty had ſuch a *longing deſire* for it. Indeed it was ill manners.

Qu. Oh, if *Barbaroſſa* and the General had follow'd *Pietro*'s advice and mine, they ſhould not have left either Hive or Bee in that curſed Weſt.

Rem. Ay, but the Soldiers are wiſer now; for to ſave ſhedding of blood, they are all gone over to one ſide. [*aſide.*

Dad. Dear *Hautefelia*, do not ſo immoderately grieve, but think thy loving *Dadamore* ſhall ſtill ſupply all that envious Fortune can take from thee.

Qu. Dear *Dadamore*, I muſt confeſs thou art the prop and ſtay of all my hopes; but———

Enter Meſſenger.

Speak; What's the News? make no preamble, be plain and ſhort.

Meſſ. The King ſends word his Army is revolted; his very *Friends*, *Relations*, all are gone, and he's returning with all ſpeed for fear of being ſurpriſed by the enemy.

Qu. Oh! *Tortures*, *Plagues and Curſes* ſeize them: Come, come my Friends, for you muſt ſhare my fate.

Meſſ. Alack, if I ſhould loſe my *Tommy* now in this hurly burly! [*aſide: ſhe howles.*

Manet Remarq. Solus. *Exit Qu. cum ſuis.*

Rem. Oh the hard hearts of people grown in ſin!
She's ſenſible of the plague that follows her,
But thinks not of the cauſe: her Coward Soul
(Eſſential to the wicked) now can pine and howl
At the apprehenſion of due puniſhment;
But with unimitable boldneſs ſhe
Could run through all the dreadful Catalogue
Of hainous ſins, without a doubt or ſcruple.
Nay ſhe do's yet even refuſe to own,
Or to repent her Crimes againſt the Nation.
Her Crown, her State, her Grandeur, are the things
That cauſe her Tears and Curſes; but better far
Some watry drops from her ſhould ſingly go,
Than Streams of Blood ſhou'd from the Nation flow. *Exit Rem.*

Enter King, Pietro, Barbaroſſa, Philanax, Meſſenger.

King. Do's he deſign ſo ſuddenly to come?
Meſſ. Some of his Troops will quarter here to night.
King pauſes a while. I'le anſwer all by a Meſſenger of mine.
[*Exit Meſſ.*

King. Well my Friends, you ſee how Fate and Time preſs me; I have told you my deſigns, and this Night reſolve to put them in execution: the Queen and Child are ſafe gone off; and *Pietro*, ſhe has left her Casket of Jewels to your care and charge.

Pie. I'le be her faithful Carrier: humh! the Jewels to my Charge! Nay, there's a little comfort then; I find I ſhall not go empty handed. Yes, yes, I ſhall take care of them. [*aſide.*

King. It begins to grow late, we muſt ſeparate: well my good Friends, farewell; we may meet again. *Ex. K. Bar. Pie.*

Enter Rabble; with Links and Staves, ſhouting and hollowing.

1 *Rab.* Come, come, away Boys, away; the King has ſlip'd away, but we'l claw his Pagans off.

2 *Rab.* Ay, ay, let's pull down their Houſes; they have abundance

dance of *Croſſes and Beads* in them: Oh I hate Croſſes; there's none but Heathens love Croſſes.

3 *Rab.* Ay, let's pull down Count---*what de call 'ems houſe*; Oh he's a *deviliſh Pagan*, there's abundance of Gold and Mony there.

4 *Rab.* Nay, then it deſerves to be pull'd down: I'le warrant you they worſhip it there.

5 *Rab.* Ay, and there's goodman *Fangum*, he's a plaguy fellow; I owe him for two Suits of Cloaths indeed, but he rayl'd ſo ſadly againſt *Prince Lyſander*, that I have no mind to pay him.

6 *Rab.* Come, come, we will lay down our lives for the Chriſtian Religion, and ſo 'tis unreaſonable theſe *Pagans* ſhould have ſuch a deal of mony; come, away Boys, away.

* *Enter* Pietro *diſguis'd, like a Tinker with a Budget at his back.*

1 *Rab.* So honeſt Brother, come along with us, ſtack you ſhall have Braſs enough to mend.

Pie. Ay, ay, come away, God bleſs the Chriſtian Religion, and hang the Pagans: *Omnes, Amen, Amen.*

2 *Rab.* Come along old Boy, we'l make thee for ever.

Pie. O' my Conſcience they'le make me out of my Wits, if they keep me much longer. [*aſide.*

3 *Rab.* Come old Boy, throw away that Budget; thou ſhalt have a Houſe full of Braſs and Iron.

Pie. No hang it, I'le keep it becauſe 'twas my Fathers: Uds-life, as black as the Caſe appears, there's a *heavenly luſtre* within. Oh! my heart akes for my Jewels.

7 *Rab.* Oh! I love this gutting of Houſes dearly, my Father was brought up to the Trade.

8 *Rab.* I had a Brother liv'd and dy'd in't.

9 *Rabb.* Ay *Tom*, I remember him very well, *I ſaw him cut down.*

10 *Rab.* Away, away Boys; *holloo, holloo.* [*They ſhout, and go off with* Pie.

Enter

Enter Guard, with Barbaroſſa *in a Tarpawlins diſguiſe, follow'd by the Rabble.*

Bar. For heavens ſake Sir's, keep me from the *Mob*; and do elſe what you pleaſe with me.

1 *Rab.* Do you hear, the Villain abuſes us, he calls us plain *Mob, without an M.* to it.

2 *Rab.* Ay, ay, a Rogue, he hang'd my Brother in the *Weſt* without ever a Letter in the whole Criſs Croſs Row; He would not let him ſpeak one word or tittle for himſelf.

3 *Rab.* Hey day! why is this the *Chancellor?* why he looks as if he had been at Sea.

4 *Rab. No, he looks as if he would have been at Sea*; but hang him, he was never born to be drown'd.

5 *Rab.* Why here's a ſtrange alteration: here's the *Judge turn'd Executioner*; he's like the Hangman in the Weſt.

6 *Rab.* O the Villain, he hang'd my Father for giving a handful of Hay to one of the Lord of *Monumora*'s Horſemen: Oh let's tear him to pieces: Guard ſtand off there. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene IV. *The Palace of St. Jacques.*

Enter Prince Lyſander, *attended with the Nobility and Gentry of* Hungary, *and Guards in a magnificent manner, with Drums beating, Trumpets ſounding,* Colours flying, *the People ſhouting, and the Guns round the great Tower firing; at which the Skies clear up, the Sun ſhines, and all the* inchanted Pagan *Moſques, Prieſts, Jebuſites, Croſſes, Beads, Quo Warranto's, Diſpenſators, Eccleſiaſtick Commiſſioners, &c. vaniſh in a Moment.*

FINIS.